

THE
L I F E
OF THE
COUNTESS OF G.
BY GELLERT. ^h (G.F.)

Translated from the GERMAN,
BY A LADY.

VOL. I.



LONDON:
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Printed by Bell & Sons, 10, Mark Lane.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS piece of the celebrated Gellert, universally admired for its sentiments of morality and beauty of diction, was translated, by way of amusement, in the hours of relaxation from domestic employment, by a lady, who among her many other accomplishments, had made herself a proficient in the German language, under the pleasing tuition of her husband. The manuscript copy was completed by her; and being highly approved of by judges, after much persuasion she reluctantly consented to commit it to the Press.

But alas! this amiable woman has been suddenly snatched away by the relentless hand of death—and left this testimony to be written by her husband,

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under

under the most sensible emotions of grief, and oppressed by his hard fate!

The history itself abounds with the most intricate and interesting affairs in human life.—But the hand of Providence is delineated, guiding the whole chain of circumstances with heavenly wisdom; and it demonstrates in the most lively and pleasing colours, that virtue will ever be triumphant, and make the possessor happy in the midst of adversity.

Human nature is here exactly drawn, the characters extremely well supported, and the diversity so agreeably blended, that the Reader is led through the whole field of morality, as through a flower-garden, where the mind will be continually charmed with new beauties.

It remains to be observed, that this novel has been before translated from the German; but whoever was the translator, he seems not to have perceived the force of the original. His language is
low.

low and impure, beneath criticism, so as even to disgust the reader; the finer touches of morality are mistaken, or misrepresented, and the whole exhibits a miserable daubing, copied without art from a fine original.

With respect to this translation the Editor begs only to remark, that he is ill qualified for the office of a critic, being too sensible of the loss of a wife, whose heart, the dwelling of virtue, glowed with the most generous sentiments, whose lively and delicate imagination was always aided by a distinguishing judgment.

To him, and to her friends, her style was always beautiful, concise, expressive, and smoothly flowing in a native simplicity. But her modesty was such, her afflicted husband would be sorry even to offend her ashes by praises, that might be liable to be construed into partiality or prejudice. The Reader therefore must judge,

judge, and he is entreated to judge with candour, for the sake of an amiable woman, who had the purest motives for permitting it to be made public.

Should this little piece, in which the deceased lady's genius was cramped by attending to the true meaning of the author, be received with satisfaction by the public, the Editor will hereafter in his hours of leisure prepare some of her original productions for the Press, which he flatters himself will both please and instruct, and prove a lasting monument to her memory.

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THE
LIFE
OF THE
SWEDISH COUNTESS OF G—.

WERE I to observe the method made use of by many who have written their own history, I might here, according to custom, give a long narrative of my pedigree, with an historical detail of the many noble actions of my ancestors, applauded by the trumpet of fame, &c. &c. But this would not only be dry and unentertaining to the reader, but impertinent to the present history of myself. Suffice it then to say, my parents died during my infancy; that my father was a Livonian of noble extraction, and bore the character of being a man of great courage, integrity, and honour, but of a narrow

fortune. At his death my uncle, who was likewise a Livonian nobleman, took me to his estate in the country and educated me with his children till I was sixteen years of age. He was a man of letters, and had studied much in his youth: unconfined by vulgar prejudice he possessed the most refined sentiments, reason and conscience being the sole guide of his actions. I shall never forget the expressive manner in which he once spoke to my aunt, on her asking him how he intended my farther education? In the morning, replied he, she shall be educated as a young gentleman, and in the afternoon as a woman. My aunt, who possessed many good qualities of the domestic kind, was excessively fond of me; she having no daughter of her own, and wanting to keep me always about her, was not at all willing that I should be teased with the dry study of languages, and other pedantries, as she termed them. She endeavoured therefore to persuade my uncle, that it was rather a disadvantage than of service to me to attend these studious exercises. But these persuasions had no influence over my uncle. “ Be not afraid,
my

my dear," he would sometimes say to her, "that my niece will be a female pedant. I mean not to make her a learned, but a sensible woman. You know she has not a fortune to recommend or intitle her to an elevated station in life, or enable her to live independent. It is necessary therefore that she should be possessed of such qualities of the mind, as are admired by men who prefer sense and virtue to riches. While I instruct her in the languages, I will take care to give her such works to translate, as shall inspire her with noble and generous sentiments. I will paint to her the deformity of vice, lay open to her view the amiableness of virtue, and teach her, that to be good, is to be happy. These sentiments will fix the happiness and comfort of her life, whatever station she may hereafter fill."

In short, my uncle spared no pains to instruct me in every useful branch of knowledge; and which I believe I should much earlier have profited by, had my aunt died a few years before. It is true, she had not kept me ignorant of the knowledge of housewifery; but at the same time she raised in me such a taste for dress and finery, as

might easily have turned into pride and coquetry. Often would she shut herself up in a room with me, dress me, and say I looked like a little angel; then lead me to the looking-glass, and again extol and admire the beauties of my person.

Vanity is adjudged (perhaps with propriety) to be the reigning foible of our sex. It is true I was at this time not old; yet old enough to have my heart corrupted by this passion. But fortunately for me, my aunt died before I had reached my tenth year. By which means I now became solely under the tuition of my uncle; who took every possible pains to eradicate these idle impressions, which the company and conversation of my aunt had imprinted on my little heart. I had naturally a good disposition; my inclinations therefore rather required encouragement than opposition. Aided by his understanding, I became sensible of the utility of his precepts, and how much it was my advantage to enforce them by my practice. Accordingly I set about, as he taught me, the proper regulation of my passions and desires; and by degrees became intirely weaned from those

those attractions which please the eye; and became really enamoured with those pleasures that suit the excellency of the human soul. My uncle however plainly saw that I was no stranger to my being handsome. He therefore spared no pains to convince me, that every accomplishment of person was rendered valuable, only in proportion to the beauties of the mind of its possessor; and that the former never merited the attention of men of sense, unless it served as a grace to adorn the latter. From these principles I began to study myself, and to find out that the pleasure of self-approbation far exceeded any of those drawn from popular admiration. Yet let it not be thought that he led me through the deep researches of moral philosophy, or held discourses to me in florid harangues, in order to imprint on my mind the principles of religion. Far otherwise. By plain reason and simple truths he conveyed to my mind just notions of the Deity; and taught me, that a steady perseverance in well-doing, and a happy resignation to his divine will, comprized the whole of my duty towards him:

the practice of which could not fail to procure me happiness, independent of fortune and the accidents of life. For when self-approbation applauds our conduct, conscience speaks peace to our souls, and renders us superior to the little ills and disappointments which no station of life is exempt from. All these truths my uncle demonstrated to me in so clear a manner, that they made a lasting impresson on my heart; and fully convinced me, that virtue was the only sure guide to direct us in our journey through life. But think not, reader, that I mean to blazon forth my own merit by ascribing all those good qualities to myself, which my uncle's good motives endeavoured to make me mistress of. No, I mean not here to draw my own character, but leave it to the reader's better judgment to make the estimate by my narrative of facts, which must be a better characteristic of my conduct, than any honours or blame that self-love or a proud meekness could give.

I was sixteen years old when I was married to the Swedish Count G—. This union took place in the following manner.

He

He possessed an estate in Livonia, contiguous to that of my uncle's; and about a twelvemonth before our marriage, came with his father to spend the summer season upon this estate. My uncle being the nearest neighbour, an intimacy soon took place between them. In the course of which intimacy I was frequently seen, and without my perceiving it, taken notice of by the young Count. In short, I pleased him without knowing how, and became the object of his admiration without the least endeavour or thought on my side of appearing agreeable to him. For though vanity (as I have before observed) is said to be the foible of our sex, and I do not pretend to have been exempt from it, yet it had not so far led me astray, as to make me aspire to the captivation of a person so much my superior in point of rank and fortune, and who also was possessed of every accomplishment of mind, and grace of person: added to this, he was a favourite at court, and already commanded a regiment.

All which considerations might have entitled him to a lady of the first rank and fortune. It would therefore have been

more than presumption in me, to have aimed at such a conquest. And though in fact he had made an impresson on my heart; yet the sense of the inequality between us, and the thoughts of the utter impossibility that I ever should be addressed by such a man, moderated my inward wishes. My behaviour towards him therefore being rather the result of esteem than love, I became neither timid nor reserved in his presence, but treated him with the openness and freedom of a friend:—perhaps by not studying to appear amiable, I became the more so.

About a year after the Count's return to Sweden he wrote to me, and the whole contents of his letter terminated in this question, whether I could resolve to become his, and follow him into Sweden? The surprize and joy this letter gave me, are scarce to be described. My breast from that moment became animated with the most pleasing sensations. Though he was dear to me before, yet the generous method he had taken to declare his passion, doubly endeared him to my esteem, and made me think on him with an ecstacy of love,

love. There is certainly something bewitchingly pleasing in the declaration of love, from a beloved object animated with noble and generous sentiments. It is here the heart speaks with energy divine! But the letter itself will best display the generous sentiments of my lover. I here therefore lay it before the reader.

“ Dearest Lady,

I LOVE you! Be not astonished at this confession, or if it should create a surprise in your breast at my boldness, consider it as the effect of my sincerity. Permit me then to proceed: yet, what can I say? I love you!—this is all: I loved you from the first moment I beheld and conversed with you. I confess at the same time frankly to you, that I have endeavoured all I could to banish you from my thoughts, as the circumstances of my native country required it; but all my endeavours have proved fruitless, and served but to convince me the more of the reality of my passion, and your great merit. Is it possible that this my tenderness can give
you

you offence? No, you have too much generosity to be offended at the declaration of love, from a person whom you have honoured with your friendship. Condescend then to hear with patience the dictates of an honest heart, which here I lay open before you. Dare I ask whether you can love me? whether you can resolve to become my wife, and with that intention follow me into Sweden? You are too generous not to answer these my questions, since on the result depends my happiness or misery. My dearest * friendess, why can I not this moment experience whether you think me worthy of your love; whether I may dare to hope for a return of passion? Weigh well the sentiments of your heart, and tell me without restraint, what hope you can give to a lover, whose tenderness and respect towards you he esteems his greatest merit. Take time to deliberate e'er you answer me, for I mean not to importune you with

* The Translator hopes the critics will forgive her the use of this word, it being a literal translation of the German word *Ereundin*, which she thinks more significant than the term friend, indiscriminately used in the English language.

my solicitations. Yet at the same time I confess to you, each moment will appear to me an age till I know my fate. How eagerly should I not solicit your love, did I barely pursue the dictates of my passion! But no, your love is too valuable to me to seek to gain it by the art of persuasion: I would be the object of your choice, and not of your pity. And though your negative answer would almost sink me into despair, yet would it not in the least lessen my esteem for you. For why should I withdraw my esteem from an amiable woman, merely because she cannot give me the entire possession of her heart? No, I shall never cease to admire your virtues, though I shall ever lament that I am deprived of the happiness of being united to them.

How irksome is it to me to conclude this letter! An hundred times could I repeat that I love you; love you with an ardour not to be expressed. That I dwell on the thoughts of your every little action, while I watch your every look, to see if I cannot discover in them something in my favour. Adieu, dearest lady! when will you answer me?"

The

The father of the Count at the same time wrote to my uncle. In short, I soon after became the bride of the man whom I had long in secret loved. I wish I could describe what from that happy moment I felt in my heart; though in fact I cannot describe but conceive it only, for I had never loved before. This confession will perhaps scarce be believed, or appear very strange to many of my female readers, who may judge from it that I must either be void of sensibility, or destitute of every engaging quality, to have arrived at my sixteenth year without having engaged in any adventure of love. However, be it to my praise or disgrace I repeat it, I had never loved before, though my uncle had never debarred me from conversing with the other sex.

But my sensibility was now awakened, and my heart became susceptible of the most tender emotions and desires. It is true, the object of my passion was near two hundred miles from me; yet love, all powerful love, presented him ever to my view; wherever I went this agreeable object appeared before me, while fancy formed him of the angelic kind! All that was
graceful,

graceful, all that was lovely, in short, all of perfection centered in him; nor had I a thought, a wish, but to promote his happiness. I courted solitude to indulge my reveries, where I held whole conversations with him; gazed with ecstasy on the pleasing form, and listened with enraptured delight to the enchanting sounds that fell from his tongue. Sometimes I thought that he, caught by the same tender enthusiasm, seized my hand, while with a blush of pleasing confusion I declined his embraces. Thus gave I a loose to fancy's reign, and thought the intrusion rude that roused me from my lethargy. I make no doubt but this will appear ridiculously romantic to many of my sex. Nor can I much defend it. Yet at the same time let it be considered, that an innocent young woman just upon the point of marriage with the man she loves, with the consent and approbation of her friends, is in fact a creature out of another world, whom one cannot look at without admiration: her features, language, every little action, serve to betray the tender emotions of her heart, let her ever so judiciously strive to conceal them.

I scarce

I scarce eat or drank for several weeks ; yet was not my health impaired, or the bloom on my countenance the least diminished. On the contrary, as contentment sat within, so pleasure sparkled in my eyes without ; and (if I may say thus much of myself) added a grace and dignity to my whole form.

Affairs being settled previous to my departure, my uncle accompanied me to Sweden. At our setting out, several gentlemen and ladies of our acquaintance escorted us on the road for some miles, when we took leave of each other without much regret ; they being more pleased at the thoughts of my future happiness, than pained at our parting. We continued our journey without any disagreeable circumstance, except that I thought every moment an age that kept me from my dear Count. At the end of about forty miles we arrived safe at the country seat of Count G—, who received us with every demonstration of pleasure and respect. Joy sparkled in his countenance, and every feature seemed expressive of love ; while his tender assiduities towards me gave him additional charms in my eyes, and rendered him

him a thousand times more amiable than he had appeared to me the preceding summer, and which may easily be accounted for: I then knew not his passion for me; whereas I was now convinced that I was the object of his most tender affection.

People generally become more amiable in our eyes when we know they regard us with a preference, even if they possess no particular advantage to recommend them. This their partiality towards us is looked upon as some degree of merit, and for which we esteem them. Our self-love is flattered by this preference; and how often do we not love ourselves in others? Yet constancy in love is supported only by being mutual. My dear Count shewed me at my arrival every mark of distinction, accompanied, as I have said before, with the most tender affection; and I doubt whether it is possible for a being to be more happy, than I then thought myself when seated by his side. Our nuptials were celebrated soon after my arrival, in a plain, private, but most satisfactory manner to ourselves, as will appear by the following

description (which I imagine will not be unentertaining to my readers).

I had been about a week in Sweden, and just recovered myself from the fatigues of the journey, when the Count desired me to fix upon a day for our marriage. To which I replied, I thought no day too soon that would confer on me the honour of becoming his wife; nevertheless I left it to his disposal, as I should always endeavour to make his choice my own. We then, without farther consultation, fixed on the following day. In the morning he came to me in my apartment, and asked me with an expressive look, if I continued in my resolutions of becoming lady G—— to-day? to which I answered with half averted eyes, and received from him an ardent and sincere embrace. I had then on a plain, but well-fancied dress. You look charmingly in this dress, said the Count to me; it fits your shape, and you make it appear elegant; I think you need not put on any other dress to-day. If you like me in it, my lord, answered I, I shall think myself dressed very suitable on the present occasion. Thus was I dressed in my wedding cloaths

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without

without knowing it. The rest of the morning we spent chiefly in discoursing together in the most tender manner. I then sat down to the harpsichord, and at the request of the Count, seconded by my own heart, accompanied it with my voice till noon, when the Count's father (his mother and only sister being dead) and my uncle came to us; and after a few compliments and congratulations on the occasion, informed us the clergyman was below; upon which we went down into the parlour, where Hymen joined our hearts and hands in one.

The ceremony being over, we four, with the clergyman, sat down to dinner, which consisted only of about six or eight dishes. These were the preparations of our nuptials, which perhaps, to many gay ladies, may appear absurd and ridiculous for persons of our rank. Yet I can assure them it was perfectly our choice; as we were entirely free from the odious noise and hurry, usually the attendants on public-weddings, which I think must ever be disagreeable to a delicate mind. After dinner, we took an airing in the coach to

Sir R——'s (a few miles distant) who had accompanied my husband on his travels, and whom he had a particular esteem for. The first salutation the Count gave him was, Sir R—— I here bring you Lady G——, who has this day honoured me with her hand. Have I not made a most excellent choice? Come, accompany us back, and be a witness of our mutual happiness. To which Sir R—— consenting, we returned home again, and passed the evening away as agreeable as we had done the noon. No rude ill-mannered jest here attended on the ear, but innocent mirth and gay cheerfulness enlivened the tender scene.

Amidst all my descriptions it may be wondered I have not yet drawn that of my husband's person. This had before escaped me. I will here, therefore, delineate his portrait. He was tall and well made; of a dark complexion; and had a pair of eyes that, singly observed, struck awe into the beholder; but their fire was corrected by the softness of his other features, which bespoke sensibility, sweetness of temper, and greatness of soul within. Here I will stop, lest I should be
thought

thought extravagant, or spoil my picture by a too minute description. Suffice it then to say, my Count was, in my eyes, the most handsome of men.

Soon after our marriage, my husband was ordered to his regiment; and to make his absence less painful to me, his father, who though far advanced in years, was one of the most facetious and agreeable of men, took me with him to see his other estates which he had in Sweden. At one of these places I chanced to meet with a young and very handsome woman, who I was told was the widow of the late steward of that estate. This woman had something so pleasing in her manner, and engaging in her conversation, as immediately gained her my favour, and soon after my friendship. I begged of her to accompany me home, and to live with me, not on the footing of a servant, but as a friend and companion; assuring her at the same time, that when she should chuse to live no longer with me, I would provide for her genteelly. To which she replied with tears in her eyes, returning me thanks; but said, she could not accept of my obliging offer,

partly on account of her young son, and partly because she chose a retired life. In the mean time she was always near me, and shewed me so much respect and esteem, that I could not forbear pressing her to tell me in what manner I could be of service to her. But she gratefully refused all my offers, and desired nothing but my esteem.

The old Count being now ready to depart from this place, the young widow waited on me to the coach, when I saw a child standing at the window of one of the out-houses. I asked her whose child that was? At which she blushed, and seemed ready to sink with confusion; for she had told me that her son had just had the small-pox, and had denied me the sight of him, on pretence that it might be offensive to me. But observing no disorder in the child, I insisted upon having him brought to me. But, good Heavens! how great was my surprize, when casting my eyes on his face, I saw there the picture of my husband. I was not able to speak one word to the child, but kissed it, embraced at the same time his mother, and stepped immediately into the coach. The old Count
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perceiving the perturbation of my heart, unfolded to me, with an ingenuous uprightness, the whole mystery. The woman whom you have seen, says he, was a former mistress of your husband; but if this confession offends you, be not angry at my son, but at me; for herein I am only to blame, I being the sole occasion of it. He was brought up by me in such a particular manner, as in some instances perhaps may appear rather singular.

I always taught him to consider me more in the light of a friend, than a father; and he became obedient to me through the force of esteem, rather than that of authority. Nor needed he to fear my displeasure, unless he had shewn a want of confidence in me, which made him careful to be always open and ingenuous to me; I really believe he had not a thought that he would wish to conceal from me. By this means I had an opportunity to divert his attention from many follies, which his youth otherwise might have led him into.

Some time before his travels, he had conceived a fondness for a young woman

whom my sister had taken into her house an orphan, and to whom she had given the same education with that of her only daughter, as the child had discovered a sprightliness of disposition, and great forwardness in her learning; and as my son had made no secret of this to me, so when he was about to set out on his travels, he begged me that I would permit him to take her with him abroad as his mistress and friends. In short, I was too weak to deny him this request; or rather, I complied with it, in hopes it might prevent him from some extravagance or other, which a disappointment of this nature might make him run into. I imagined likewise, that her company and influence would draw off his attention to the many temptations which attract the notice of inexperienced youth, particularly in a strange country. I therefore gave my consent for her to follow him; and this is the very woman you have just now seen, and who passes for a widow. She is a woman (as you may have observed) possessed of fine qualifications; and I have settled upon her ten thousand crowns, that she may either marry, or live single, as she pleases.

pleases. I have likewise set apart something for the education of her son. But if the least uneasiness arises in your mind at this woman being so near you, I will immediately assign her a place in one of my estates in Lavonia, where I will take care she shall be well provided for.

After such an account of my husband's former attachment, will it not be thought that I burst out into some passionate exclamation against her; or that it kindled jealousy in my breast, and excited hatred, or (which is the same) envy against the beloved object? No. I esteemed her, and that esteem made me look on her rather as an object of pity, than hatred or contempt. Nevertheless, I own I was uneasy at her being so near me. I therefore begged of my father to remove her to a more distant place of abode, and endeavour, if he could, to get her well married. In the mean time we pursued our journey; and at our arrival I had the pleasure of seeing my dear husband.

Notwithstanding my unlimited confidence in his affection for me, yet was I prompted, by the secret disturbance of my

tranquillity, to feign a coolness on some trifling occasion; in order by this artifice, to give him an opportunity to coax from me a secret, which my bosom burned to disclose. When he heard it, his countenance expressed the greatest alarm; while he lamented his father's imprudence for carrying me to a place which might have proved so very prejudicial, if not fatal to our conjugal felicity. He gave immediate orders for her and her son's removal to a more distant place, and this was done within a week. What greater proof of his faithfulness could I desire; ought this not fully to convince me of his affection? and might I not justly be deemed ungenerous if I now doubted of his love? I did not. At the same time I confess my mind was not wholly at ease; or rather, had not yet recovered the shock that the discovery of this affair had given it.

He generously acknowledged to me, that he would have married this woman, had not the court and his father been against it. And in reality, she was as worthy of this advancement as myself: for, I saw not that I had the advantage of her in
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any thing, except in birth; and how very trifling a consideration is this in the estimation of reason? She had not fallen a sacrifice to a vicious inclination, but made a voluntary surrender of her heart and person to oblige the man she adored, and of whose honour she entertained no doubt; encouraged also in the future hope of matrimony, by the old Count's seeming approbation of his son's choice: she knew the noble heart of her lover; while his tender and upright behaviour gave her a right to place an unlimited confidence in him. The fall of a woman under such circumstances surely deserves the commiseration of her sex, rather than their censure.

As a farther proof of the merit and disinterested generosity of Carolina (which is the name I shall for the future distinguish her by) and to convince me that I had nothing to fear from their former connection, he related to me a circumstance which greatly raised her in my esteem. As soon as she perceived that he could not obtain permission to marry her, without hazarding his fortune, and forfeiting the favour of the court, she nobly resolved to sacrifice
her

her inclinations and happiness to his interest, and voluntarily to give up at once her right to his heart. He then shewed me a letter that she wrote to him on the occasion, in which is displayed a true greatness of mind; nor could I help (as I read it) doubting within myself, whether or not I could, under the like circumstances, have put in practice the same self-denial. The letter is as follows:

“ My Lord,

THE honour you intended me in making me your spouse, is, I hear, likely to draw on you the displeasure of your father, and that of the court. *I feel for you* on this occasion, more than for myself, as I am well convinced of the sincerity of your affection, and how much it must wound your sensibility, even but to think on not being able to fulfil your promise: and well am I convinced also of what it must cost me, to give up all pretensions to a heart which is a thousand times dearer to me than my own. But, since duty demands the sacrifice,

See, I will endeavour to do it, as becomes
 the woman whom you have honoured with
 your love and esteem. To be brief, my
 dearest Count, I here renounce all preten-
 sions to your heart; and give up all those
 flattering, pleasing hopes of happiness,
 that my fond imagination had pictured to
 itself in becoming your bride. Heavens!
 with what ecstasy have I dwelt on the
 thought! But let this be my consolation,
 that the greater the happiness I had in view,
 the greater proof shall I give you of my
 love, in thus giving it up for your sake.
 Yes, my dearest Count, I give up all pre-
 tensions to you (though in doing it, Hea-
 ven knows I give up all that is valuable to
 me on earth). You are free, and at li-
 berty to fix your affections on whom you
 please; nay, your choice has fallen on one
 who possesses every accomplishment ca-
 pable of making you happy, and may she
 love you with a love like mine! if you are
 but happy, I shall be contented; for your
 happiness is my greatest wish. And this
 springs from the uprightness of my pas-
 sion; for I make you not the least re-
 proach, nor does my heart in the least con-
 demn

damn you, as you have, in *my* eyes, acted
 towards me with the strictest faithfulness;
 and would, I am convinced, have married
 me if it had been in your power. Neither
 shall I ever reproach myself for the manner
 in which we have lived together, as I sa-
 crificed my virtue to you, not through wan-
 tonnes, but in the full assurance of being
 one day acknowledged as your lawful wife;
 while all my behaviour towards you, has
 been strictly conformable to that character.
 The remembrance of this my love, there-
 fore, will never create uneasiness in my
 breast, let my future destiny be ever so
 hard. Fix then, my dear Count, your af-
 fections on one more suitable to your rank
 and merit; and think no more on me, but
 as your friends: and in that light, I
 think I deserve to be considered. Farewel,
 my lord. I have no farther request to
 make you, except to assign me and my
 son a place on one of your estates; where
 I may dwell in silent solitude, and spend
 the remainder of my days in peaceful re-
 tirement. Endeavour not to divert me
 from my purpose; for my resolution is un-
 alterably fixed, since it is your happiness
 that

that is dependent thereon. Once more farewell!"

Thus to this generous woman's resignation of the Count, I owe my possession of him. After this letter she spoke with him but once, and immediately retired to that estate where I first saw her. He assured me it was above a year and a half since he had seen her; and I could willingly have consented for her to have had an interview with him before her departure for Livonia, had I thought it could have given her any satisfaction.

My dear Count doubled his endeavours to please me. Heaven knows there never was a more tender and affectionate husband; and our esteem for each other daily increased. His principles and morals were well established before he entered into the army, so that he was not corrupted by the loose manners so generally prevalent in that profession. His heart was goodness and philanthropy itself; and so respected and feared was he among his domestics, that his look had the effect of a positive com-

command. Me, in particular, he was studious to please; nor could he deny me any thing, but discovered a pleasure whenever I gave him an opportunity to grant me a request; at the same time, he knew how to cast such an air of superiority amidst his fondness, as inspired me with a kind of awe in his presence: so that while I followed my own inclinations, I was cautious to do nothing but what would have been agreeable to his commands, had he deigned to have commanded me. He was a most regular man in his affairs without studying to be so; for as he neither loved a sedentary or bustling life, so he pursued study or activity as he found himself disposed for it, and quitted each before it became fatiguing. His recreations were pursued in the same manner; whence he was always chearful and lively, because his spirits were never fatigued.

On his travels he had collected a very pretty library in various languages. Here we spent many agreeable hours, and here I first became sensible of the advantage of my being educated with my uncle's children: for being well acquainted with Latin
and

and French, and having some knowledge of Italian, I could agreeably amuse myself with the perusal of authors in those different languages. But never did I think myself more happy in my retreats to the library, than when seated there by the side of my husband. I listened with attention to his instructive comments on particular passages, admiring the beauties as he pointed them out. In short, he made choice of such books for my perusal, as gave me a true relish for literature, and insensibly refined my taste to his own. And though I was diffident of my own judgment, yet when I ventured to give my opinion, I generally had the satisfaction to find it coincide with his. Thus busied each day in the delightful employment of endeavouring to improve and make each other happy, our wedlock was a scene of harmony, tranquillity, and love. We kept but little company; for we were the friends and pleasing companions of each other, and the old Count, our father, the friend of us both.

The old gentleman, though seventy years of age, was as much company as
half

half a dozen people. His knowledge of the world, and extensive learning, made his conversation always lively and instructive; and the strict integrity of his heart preserved his temper always serene and mild. I can with truth affirm, that for three whole years I never saw his temper ruffled, or the least cloud of uneasiness on his brow; for so many years I had lived with him when he died. But oh! what an instructive lesson was the end of this good man! Never shall I forget his exemplary behaviour during his illness, and at the very moment of his exit. About a week before his death he was seized with a swelling in his legs, which communicated itself upwards with such rapidity, that it baffled the skill of the ablest physicians to stop its course; while he, perceiving his end thus approaching, asked the doctor with the utmost composure, how long he thought he might still have to live? According to the best of my judgment, answered the doctor, your lordship I think cannot survive above three days longer. That is well, replied he, God be praised that I have gone through my pilgrimage so well! Still three days

days then I have left of that time, concerning which I am to give an account to my Creator; and which I think I cannot better employ, than to let those that are about me be a witness, by my example, how happy a thing it is to die, under the pleasing sense of an approving conscience. He then ordered all his servants to be called up; and as they stood weeping before him, he praised their honest fidelity in their different stations; entreating them, as a friend and father, to have virtue always before their eyes. I have been, continued he to them, in this world, your lord and master; but death will soon take off all distinction between us. I am going into a world where you and I shall be equal, and where we shall be equally rewarded, according to our deeds in this life. Live well, my children! Those among you who love me and are willing to please me—once more before I die, give me your hands, as a token that you will faithfully observe the precepts I have endeavoured to inculcate on your minds, the practice of which only can insure you lasting happiness. He then ordered a certain sum to be given to

each of them; after which, he employed the remainder of that and the following day in sending for his tenants, to whom he spoke with the same fatherly affection as he had done to his servants. Those whom he had advanced money to, and who were in arrears to him, he restored their bonds and notes; giving them leave also to ask him for any favour, consistent with reason. The number of poor among his tenants was but small; for he deferred not his bounty to them till the close of life, but seasonably afforded them his aid and assistance, to help them forward in the world. No wonder, then, that they were seized with the most poignant grief for his loss; every one lamenting in him the death of a father, benefactor, and friend. Having given these good people his dying blessing, and bid them farewell, he asked if there were any yet about his house whom he had not taken leave of? I answered, that I did not recollect any, except the soldiers who waited on my husband. Let them likewise be called in, said he; for they are not less dear to me than the former; these people in particular ought to know

know the advantage of a peaceful conscience in the hour of death, they being more exposed to its power than others. The soldiers were accordingly sent up to him. They entered the room with a martial-like air; but the old Count addressed them in so tender and affectionate a manner, that these hardy veterans could not refrain their tears. He asked them how long they had served? To which they answered, they had borne arms near twenty years. You now then, said he, deserve to taste something of the sweets of life; for you must have undergone much fatigue and hardship, during so many years service. Then turning to my husband, my son, let these men have their discharge, and allow them the same pay they have now, as long as they live; I permit them likewise to settle in one of my villages rent free. The poor men, overcome with gratitude, could only lift up their eyes and hands to heaven in grateful praises; and one of them sometime afterwards did my husband a signal piece of service.

The good old Count having rather fatigued his spirits, and his last night now

drawing near, he asked the physician once more how long he had got to live? and heard, with the greatest composure, that his vital spirits could not possibly hold out longer than twenty-four hours. Upon this he desired some food to be brought him, of which he eat a little, and drank a glass of wine. Good God! exclaimed he, how well I relish this nourishment! though so near my end, it tastes as agreeable to my palate as it did fifty years ago. This proves that my nutrimental vessels have not been enervated by irregularity or intemperance. Now, continued he, I will refresh myself with a few hours rest, against my setting out for the new world: accordingly, he composed himself and slept for three hours. Then calling me to him, desired I would take out of his bureau a certain manuscript bound up like a book; being a narrative of the transactions of his life during the last forty years; and begged I would read it to him; which I did. When I had finished it (which was towards break of day) he with ecstatic fervour returned thanks to God, for all the blessings he had bestowed on him in this life, beseeching him

him that he might soon be made a partaker of those truths and virtues, which in this world he had strove to imitate. Then bidding my husband come near him, he tenderly embraced us both, whilst the tears ran down his manly face. These tears, said he, are the same that I have shed for these forty years; nor do they now proceed from grief, or fear for my future state, but are the overflowings of an enraptured heart. You, my children, have made my latter days comfortable upon earth; and it adds to my felicity now, to see you thus happy in a virtuous love: this, and the blessed foretaste I have of my future happiness, makes my separation from you not only easy but joyful. Live well, my children! and continue to strengthen and encourage each other in the exercise of virtue, as it is that alone which can lead you to happiness. He then gave me a few general precepts concerning the education of my children, if God should please to bless us with any, and with an anxious concern for the happiness of his posterity, he expired.

After the decease of our dear father, we resided for some years at our country seat, where we lived in the greatest tranquillity, tasting every sweet of domestic life; when my husband received an order to repair immediately to court, whither I also accompanied him.—As I had not been accustomed to appear much in public life, I was struck with the brilliancy of the court; where I had scarce made my appearance, when I found myself the object of every one's attention and admiration: I was flattered and caressed as the most beautiful and accomplished of my sex, so that I was quite confounded at the continual praises that rang in my ears. To my misfortune, my husband was commanded to attend his regiment, and I was to stay behind him. I was told, indeed, that I should soon follow him; but it was three months before I saw him again. I now stood in need of all the philosophy and wholesome precepts which I had received from my uncle, my husband, and his father, to guard my heart against the impressions of vanity and arrogance. For the honours and distinctions daily shewn me were dangerous to a handsome

some (as I was allowed to be) unexperienced young woman.

A certain prince of S—, who was a married man, took advantage of my husband's absence to be continually paying his court to me, by every species of insinuating art, that a man of intrigue and design could invent; taking all opportunities of engaging my attention, by every seeming mark of respect; shewing me such preference to the other ladies of the court, as might easily have created suspicions injurious to my character. He even ventured to give me distant hints of a passion, which fired my soul with a just hatred and resentment against him; yet was I awed at the same time from shewing it, by the pretended respect he at other times appeared to pay me.

Though I knew the purity of my own heart, and the warm attachment of it to my husband; yet as I had a good deal of vivacity, perhaps my external appearance might have encouraged the prince, to suppose my virtue not impregnable. Happening to visit me one afternoon, without giving me previous notice, and entering

immediately into a familiar tête-à-tête; I soon perceived by his manner, that he now meant to throw off that respect, which he had hitherto maintained towards me. Upon which I begged him to permit me to apprise his lady of his being with me, that I might procure the honour of her company also.—He rose, and with a look that expressed indignant rage, told me, I had no occasion to put him in mind of his lady, she being as much in his thoughts as if she was present. So is Count G—— in mine, replied I, although he is in the field. He immediately got up, and with much distance took his leave. But this affair ended not here; for malice and fell revenge now took possession of his breast, intending to work my husband's destruction, as will appear in the sequel.

Soon after this Count G—— returned from the army; a few days after which, a messenger came to forbid him the court. This was the first specimen of the revenge of the offended prince, it being entirely by his instigation. I then informed my husband of the prince's behaviour to me during his absence, begging him to forgive my
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my being the unhappy cause of his present disgrace; as perhaps, if I had behaved with less haughtiness in my repulse to the prince, his resentment would have been less. To which he tenderly answered, he was fully satisfied with my conduct; and added, that I had only to proceed in the same path of virtue to ensure his happiness for life, in spite of every event of fortune; and that his disgrace at court gave him not the least uneasiness. I foresaw, says he, the danger of your appearance at court, and the temptations to which you must unavoidably be exposed, from that incense of flattery I knew would be offered to a person of your figure; and that you might perhaps at first be somewhat dazzled at the distinction you met with; however, I shall ever look on my disgrace as a proof that I have a virtuous wife. Thus this produced no interruption to our mutual happiness. We continued to enjoy, on our estate, all the sweets of domestic love; yet the remembrance of our departed father now-and-then broke in upon our tranquillity. To repair in some measure this loss, my
 husband

husband prevailed on his friend Sir R—— to come and live with me.

This Sir R—— was a young man, but so reserved in his disposition, that in company he appeared to no other advantage than just to fill an empty chair, being always silent in a large company. When among a few select friends, no one displayed a greater readiness of wit or greater extent of judgment, in short, he was a most agreeable companion. He possessed the most refined notions of friendship, and the utmost purity of manners governed his soul. Though his gravity might to strangers appear as the effect of dullness or melancholy, it on the contrary proceeded from a calm serenity that bespoke peace within. His happiness sprang from the reserved pleasure of contributing to that of others: he wished that all men were good, and every good man, happy. From this disposition, it was pain to him to be in a large company where idle ceremony, fulsome compliment, and dissimulation were a restraint upon a man who spoke from the feelings of his heart. He regarded riches rather with too much indifference,

difference, and worldly honours he held in contempt. Flatterers and sycophants he abhorred, deeming them more pernicious to society than open infidelity. He took more pleasure in assisting a man in indigent circumstances, than in granting a favour to one who was reputed to be rich; giving for his reason that the latter might, by a greater return of the obligation, endeavour to render him subservient to his humour or caprice. He had a footman who was a sensible, clever man, and whose attendance on him he needed but a few hours in the day. This servant asking him one day (in our presence) if he had any further commands for him? "Think you," said he, "that you were sent into the world barely to wait on me? would you go out of the world as ignorant as you came into it? when your daily business is done, set yourself down and contemplate what it is to be a man: contemplate your wants, contemplate your faculties, and consider wherefore you were made. This will be sufficient to employ all your thoughts, and teach you your duty." To assist him in, and enforce these his precepts, he

he gave him proper books to read ; and at night, when he undressed him, he made him give him an account how he had spent the day. “ He who is ashamed (said he) to convey knowledge and just sentiments to a person because he is in a low station, deserves to be reckoned one of the least and meanest of society.” This is the character of Sir R—, whom my Count G— esteemed as a brother ; and we never concluded on any thing of consequence without first consulting him.

About this time my husband received orders to attend his regiment, Sweden being about entering into a war with the crown of Poland ; and here commenced all my misfortunes. He was detached to force a narrow and dangerous passage, strongly guarded by the enemy. But not having sufficient forces to sustain the attack, he miscarried ; and lost not only the greater part of his men, but was also dangerously wounded himself ; so that it was thought the prince of S— who commanded in chief, had fixed upon this dangerous enterprize for his destruction ; to complete which, he was afterwards cited to appear at
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a court-martial, where he was charged with cowardice, and condemned to be beheaded. Good God! with what anguish of soul I perused the contents of the following letter:

“ To the Countess of G——!

FAREWEL! my dearest wife, farewell!
 —It is the will of fate that I must die; and though it was what I had long foreseen, yet would the manner of my death have terrified me, did not my conscience acquit me of the horrid crime wherewith I am charged. Just God! must I be adjudged to die by the sword, for not having used it with more courage in the defence of my country? Heaven knows my innocence; and the five wounds I have received bear witness that I have done my duty. It is the prince of S——, offended by your virtue, that seeks to glut his revenge by this my ignominious death. Forgive him that he thus tears you from my arms, which, though more painful than death, is less so than
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than that he should triumph over your virtue.

Farewel! my beloved, my dearest wife! Pray, that I may meet the blow with a manly fortitude.—My wounds are dangerous: would to heaven they would prove mortal, and save me the shame of an ignominious death! Five days, and I shall be no more! Take leave for me of Sir R—, he will not forsake you in your distress. I have, in a petition to the king, begged that you may remain in possession of my estates; but I fear you will not receive so much favour. Do not, my beloved, my faithful one, sink under this trial; fly to some peaceful retirement, where you may be safe from the persecution of the prince.

Farewel! beloved of my soul, farewell! Oh that the fifth day were come! why must I thus fall a sacrifice to my enemies! but I will not repine, I will meet the fatal blow with the resolution of a man. Once more, my beloved, farewell! I feel this moment the most excruciating pain; perhaps I may yet die of my wounds. The chaplain of my regiment is coming presently to visit me, whom I will intreat to take care,

care, that this letter comes safe to your hands. My dearest life, arm yourself with fortitude to sustain the shock that I know these dreadful tidings must give you; and let us rejoice in the holy hope, that in a few years we shall meet again in the world to come."

It is impossible to describe my distraction of mind on reading this dreadful letter. Language is inadequate to express the torture I felt: it almost petrified me with horror, and I sunk into a kind of stupid insensibility, in which I remained for several days; nor could any argument drawn from reason and religion afford me any comfort; but on the contrary, rather served to increase my melancholy by their not having any effect on me. The day appointed for my husband's death I spent in prayers and tears; and more than once, in imagination, felt the fatal stroke that was to sever him from me for ever.

No one interested themselves so much in my distress as Sir R—. He grieved, he wept with me, and by thus sharing in my affliction, at last roused me from the deep
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melancholy to which I had fallen a prey; and I began by degrees to listen to his friendly consolation.

Within a week after this letter, my husband's postilion brought me word, that his master had died of his wounds three days before the time appointed for his execution. These tidings, though melancholy, somewhat alleviated my sorrow, as they gave me some satisfaction. He died then, exclaimed I, of his wounds like a hero! then did he not behold the horrid train of melancholy preparations of a violent death far worse than death itself! Now will I endeavour to resign myself to my fate. I asked, whether he had been decently buried? He answered, that could by no means be done; because the very night he died, the enemy attacked the village where a battalion guarded my husband; and forced them to retire with the utmost precipitation, and that he very narrowly escaped being taken himself; that afterwards the chaplain had found means to send him to me with this account, and some valuables of my husband's. The chaplain also wrote to me himself, and in the name of my husband

husband, advised me by all means to quit Sweden as soon as possible, that I might escape the vengeance of the prince, or be out of the reach of his importunate solicitations. I was informed likewise, that an order had been signed, before my husband's death, for the confiscation of his estates. I instantly resolved upon flight, and begged Sir R—— to quit Sweden with me. We gave out, that we intended to make a journey to one of our estates, which was at some distance from that on which we lived; and to give no room for suspicion, we took nothing with us but a small scrutoire, in which were two or three thousand ducats, some jewels, and other valuables. Most of our ready cash my husband had advanced for the service of the crown. The plate, and all the rest of the things we left behind; and attended by the postilion, and Sir R——'s faithful servant, we hastened to quit Sweden. Scarce had we fortunately escaped its territories, when we were informed that my husband's estates had been seized upon, and myself pursued for several miles. We were then in Livonia, but where I did not think myself safe, as

I found the Prince was determined to have me in his power if he possibly could.—My uncle, who had conducted me to Sweden, was dead: I therefore knew not what country to chuse for the place of my residence. I consulted my faithful friend and guide Sir R——, who fixed upon Holland, because he said he had friends at Amsterdam; and he assured me I should like the country. There, said he, you may spend a year or two, and see what turn your affairs in Sweden may take: perhaps, by entreaties and petitions, you in time may be restored to part of your husband's estates. The dread of falling into the Prince's hands made me prefer any country to that in which he dwelt; and therefore, without farther delay, I resolved to go to Amsterdam.

I now most ardently wished for the agreeable company of Caroline:—we were about eighteen miles from her, as I supposed, thinking she was still at the place my husband had assigned her in Livonia. My friend and confidant Sir R—— no sooner knew my desire, but he instantly set out for the place, to make enquiry after her. He was

was scarce gone, when the postilion came with great eagerness to tell me, he had seen Mrs. Caroline at church (in this village, where I kept myself private) but that he had not spoken to her. I immediately dispatched him to her, and in a few hours had the satisfaction to have her with me. It was now eight years since I had seen her; and though I observed she had lost somewhat in her exterior, yet all her inward charms remained; and I found her the same agreeable companion as ever. I gave her an account of my unhappy situation, and begged her to accompany me to Amsterdam. She was quite overcome at the melancholy relation, and with a heart-felt sorrow bewailed my misfortunes. At my professions of regard for her she burst into tears, saying, "you are too good to me; you load me with kindness, while I am not in the least worthy of it, but, on the contrary, rather merit your contempt. I look upon it, added she, as the greatest misfortune that I cannot accompany you: but I have for this year past (so long is it since I left the place your husband assigned me) been in a very ill state of health; so that you may see by my

looks, it is impossible I can go through the fatigues of such a journey : in the mean time, I give you the most solemn promise that nothing in the world shall detain me from following you, as soon as ever my health will permit ; and, as an assurance of my sincerity, I will give you my son with you, if you think he will not be troublesome. With the money your husband's father allowed me, for the maintenance of myself and my child, I have purchased a little estate in this village, which, if the situation appears agreeable to your ladyship, I beg you will accept of, not only as the place of your residence, but as your own property. Would to God you could live with me undiscovered ! How happy should we not live ! The pleasure I should take in rendering myself agreeable to you would, I know, be the means of restoring me to my health again."

I visited her little cot, where, though I found no superb furniture or superfluous ornaments, yet so much order and neatness reigned throughout, as plainly discovered that Caroline had a refined taste. In her best parlour was a pretty collection of well-chosen

chosen books, which she modestly told me belonged to her son, but which I well knew were for her own amusement: most of them were French and Swedish Authors, that were the favourites of my husband; so that I easily perceived to whom she was indebted for so good a taste. Under the looking-glass hung the portrait of my dear Count G——, which, as soon as I fixed my eyes on, she took down, and very politely begged my acceptance of it, saying it was done by herself; for she drew very prettily in miniature. I thought it would be cruel to deprive her of a piece that it was plain she had taken so much pains in the execution of, and which was designed to perpetuate the memory of a person who had been dear to her: I therefore declined accepting of it, but begged she would give me a copy of it.

Her son was almost thirteen years of age, and was a well-bred lively youth. She had placed him under the tuition of a very sensible and judicious man, with whom he had been ever since her first settling at Livonia; but he had now been some weeks at home, as her ill state of health made her apprehen-

five that she was near her end, and therefore chose to have him with her, that he might be present in her last moments. Among other things that she imparted to me during this visit, she told me she had also a daughter by the Count; and that, being delivered of her in Holland, she had left her there with her brother (a merchant at the Hague) partly at his intreaty, and partly through private reasons; but that she had died in her sixth year, as her brother had informed her by letter. I wish, added she, it might be agreeable to you to live with my brother; for his house was very pleasantly situated when I was at the Hague; though I do not know how his circumstances are at present, as he had some time ago the misfortune to break; and as I have not heard from him since, I do not know whether he has recovered his failure. While we were thus discoursing Sir R—— came from his fruitless journey.

It was now high time for us to think of removing from this place, where it was almost impossible we could remain longer concealed. While we were preparing to set out for Holland, Sir R——'s faithful servant

servant died suddenly of a malignant fever (whose loss we much lamented): just before his death, he in an affectionate manner took leave of his master; and, putting into his hands four hundred ducats, said, "This money, Sir, I have in your service, and through your liberality, been enabled to save; and it gives me pleasure, in these my last moments, that I have it in my power to testify my gratitude for your goodness by returning them to you again. It is to your instructions, and through the force of your example, that I am indebted for my present inward peace, and now behold my approaching dissolution with a pleasing resignation: and my only wish is, that you may always be served with that faithfulness and integrity that your goodness merits." This shews that understanding and sentiment are not confined to any order or rank of people, but may be possessed by our meanest dependants, if we but pay a proper attention to their morals; and, instead of regarding them barely as servants, or the servile slaves of our will, look on them as a species of beings entrusted to our care.

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After taking an affectionate leave of Caroline (who promised to dispose of her little farm, and follow us, as soon as ever her health would permit) we departed with her son for Holland; and arrived without any accident at Amsterdam, where we were informed that Sir R——'s uncle (with whom we had proposed to live) was dead, but that his daughter was still living. We accordingly waited on her, and as soon as she saw Sir R——, she immediately knew him; for, as I have said before, he had formerly been in Holland. She received us with the greatest civility and kindness, as did also her husband, who appeared to be a worthy, good man. I discovered my rank to them, which I begged they would not only keep a secret from others, but forget also themselves, and consider me only as their unfortunate friend. They had already (from the public papers) been made acquainted with the unhappy fate of my husband; and though I had had no qualification to have recommended me to these good people, my unhappy situation would have been sufficient to have influenced them in my favour; so that I here experienced
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in my misfortunes that deference and respect which, from some dispositions, would only have been paid to me in my affluence: I was looked upon as great, because I was an unhappy sufferer. In short, these good people, before they hardly knew me, shewed me more kindness than I could have expected even from a long acquaintance; for they treated me as their near relation. They allotted me a large part of their house for my use; but I would accept of no more than two rooms; and that I might not be burthensome, I acquainted Sir R—— of my intention of turning my jewels into cash, and giving it his cousin to trade with. He approved of it, and told me he had done the same with his servant's four hundred ducats. Accordingly our obliging landlord sold my jewels for twelve thousand dollars, which he advised me to put in his trading stock, where I should have a dividend of the profits that would arise, in proportion to my capital. I begged he would not think of giving himself the trouble of keeping an account with me, but that I should think myself obliged to him, if he would accept of the interest towards the charge

charge of keeping me and my two travelling companions.

Here it was my long-troubled soul began first to taste of rest: freed now from all apprehensions of the prince, and every one around me contributing their aid to make me happy, I strove once more to taste the sweets of calm repose, and blessed the Almighty power, whose hand unseen moves all, for rescuing me from the hands of my enemy. Sir R—— too became more chearful at seeing me so; and as he had no particular employment in life, he gave himself one, to wit, that of educating Caroline's son; whose infant mind he cultivated with the most assiduous care, instructing him in useful knowledge, and animating his tender breast to laudable designs and noble actions. (How might the great envy many whom they now look upon with contempt, did they but know the inward satisfaction that attends such noble views; did they but know that conscious virtue carries with it its own reward!) He instructed him also in the languages, gave him a knowledge of the polite arts, impressed on his mind just sentiments of
mora-

morality and religion, and taught him by his exemplary life, that to be good is to be happy. What youth thus instructed, could fail of being virtuous? The goodness of his heart and great vivacity of his parts forwarded these instructions, and fully repaid the preceptor's tender care; for he daily improved in both wisdom and virtue. For my part, I spent most of my time in study (if that employment may be allowed in a woman) one hour in the day however I devoted to our young pupil, whom I endeavoured to perfect in those graces of deportment which men generally learn first from our sex, and which are necessary in public life; for a man of no address cuts but a very awkward figure in a polite circle, if he has even a good share of sense. I endeavoured by my gravity to moderate the fiery spirit of his youth; treating him always with that distant kind of condescension, which, while it encourages to freedom, commands at the same time respect. I appeared in different characters towards him, that he might always find something new and agreeable in my conversation.

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My landlady's daughter, a child about eight years of age, afforded me also much amusement. I taught her French, drawing, singing, and embroidery; in short, I enjoyed a most agreeable retired life. My landlord and his wife suited themselves to my taste, and strove in every thing to make me happy. They never introduced me into large companies, nor interrupted me in my solitude, unless I invited them to it myself: I needed not to command or entreat, when I had a request to make, but only to make it known. I was thought by the domestics to be a relation of their mistress; nor did the company that frequented the house know any thing to the contrary. From this concealment of my quality I reaped also this advantage, of being eased of the disagreeableness of being obliged in company to support the dignity of my rank; while if I had been known to have been a Countess, all the little qualifications that I possessed would have been looked upon but as the necessary appendages of a person of quality, and not as in themselves worthy of esteem. I should perhaps have been barely
honoured,

honoured, whereas now I was both honoured and esteemed.

I had now been four years at Amsterdam, during which time I had repeatedly written to Caroline to remind her of her promise to come and live with me, but still she deferred coming. However, her absence was no disadvantage to her son, who was daily improving under the sage counsels and judicious instructions of Sir R——. Of the many professions which were proposed to him for his scene of action in the world, none seemed so agreeable to him as that of arms; which so far from being disagreeable to Sir R—— he highly approved of his choice, saying, it was a great pity that there were not more men of merit to be found in the army; since there was not a place, where men of understanding and morals could be more useful. Go, said he, and prove, that morality, resolution, bravery, and humanity, may all be centered in a foldier! By observing the dictates of religion and conscience you will be enabled to disarm death of its terrors; yet neither rashly dare him to defiance, nor shun his menaces through a cowardly fear. This is
true

true courage. We bought him an Ensign's commission, and he set off for his regiment which was stationed on the frontiers of Holland.

And now commences one of the most singular occurrences of my life, which, to those who know no other distinction of men but what proceeds from rank and fortune, will, instead of being thought worthy of praise, be censured as an impropriety in my conduct. Though I was not at present in my full bloom of youth I was yet young, and had lost no more in my person than what might be considered as the slight touches in a picture, which, when faded, diminish nothing of the master-strokes of the piece. I found I had still charms enough to captivate, being addressed by several Hollanders of distinction. But their addresses were in vain: for a woman like me, who had been the beloved object of so every way amiable a man as my dear Count G——, could not be captivated by the common degrees of merit to be found among men. No; my sensibility was not to be touched but by superior worth: it was excellence alone that could have charms for

for me. Yet, though their addresses were in vain, they awaked in me the secret remembrance of those ecstatic moments of bliss I had experienced in my former love; and as they might be encouraged to hope while I remained single, I was determined at once to cut off their pretensions, and ease myself of their troublesome importunity by fixing on a choice myself. This may to some appear a very foolish reason for determining me to think again of matrimony, and may be deemed perhaps a mere idle pretext to follow my own inclination. Be this as it may, it certainly was the first cause that made me think of entering again into the married state. I had been a real mourner for the loss of my husband, for I had loved him with the most ardent passion. At the same time, in my moments of reflection, I considered that all my grief could not bring him back to my embraces; and if I thus indulged my melancholy, it might in the end destroy my life. In the midst of these my contemplations Sir R—— came into my apartment one morning, and after some general topics, asked me, “ if I had any thoughts
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of marrying again? and if I had, who among the numerous train of my admirers was to be the happy man?" "Then you would advise me to marry again Sir R—," replied I, looking stedfastly at him. "No, madam, replied he, unless your own heart advises you to it. You know my sincerity, and that I have your happiness at heart; you know also, that I consider nothing under the title of happiness, but what one wishes to be in the possession of, or what is the result of our voluntary choice. Among those who solicit your favour, no one seems to me so worthy as Mr. N——, not so much because he is a man of letters, but for his other good qualities. His great attachment and assiduity towards you also merits some degree of return; for my part I think him a worthy man. Yet let not this my opinion bias your judgment, or in the least determine your resolution towards him. For you may see him in the same favourable point of view as I do, and yet not regard him with the sensibility of love: you, like me, may esteem him as a friend and a worthy member of society, yet not approve of him for
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a husband. Our hearts often lead us to look with dislike on the most amiable object, considered as a partner through life; perhaps some one among the other gentlemen may have the preference in your esteem to Mr. N——.”

I returned Sir R—— my thanks for this proof of his friendship, and assured him I should take his advice in an affair of such consequence, whenever my own heart advised me to change my condition. “And pray, Sir R——, added I, what is the reason you have never entered into the state of matrimony yourself?” “Why, madam, answered he, I should have been married long enough ago, had circumstances been favourable thereto: both my reason and philosophy teach me to revere the state; for where contentment reigns in the connubial state, it must certainly be productive of the greatest bliss in life. Shew me but an amiable woman, madam, whom I can like, and who will assure you that she can prefer me to the rest of my sex, and I will instantly give her my hand. It is our duty to make our lives as happy and contented as possible. And since it is evident that

this is to be procured by love, we become bound in duty, both to ourselves and the laws of society, to marry as soon as circumstances permit, and inclination impels us to it." But give me leave, Sir, interrupted I, just to observe, that ever since I have known you, you have always seemed to be indifferent to our sex. How comes it then that you now harangue so finely on love!—"Blend not, madam, says he, a diffidence of my own merit, with indifference to your sex. No man esteems a sensible woman more than I do: at the same time I know your sex are sometimes capricious; and that a man may render himself as disagreeable to a particular object by a declaration of his love, as of his dislike. And it is on this account that I have hitherto been timid in making a particular attachment, and not through an indifference to your sex: for, as I have said before, I should think it the greatest happiness of my life to meet with a worthy woman who would honour me with her love." I think I know a lady, said I, that loves you, and whom I believe also you do not dislike: at the same time, I do not know whether
you

you would chuse to be fettered to her for life. He looked surprized, and asked me several times over who, and where she was? After keeping him some time in suspense, I told him I would introduce him to her in the afternoon.

In the afternoon I sent him my picture, and with it, as near as I can recollect, the following note: "Such appeared the person in her youth who loves you. At first, she viewed you with the eyes of friendship and gratitude: time has raised a deeper sense of your merit, and changed that friendship into love: as the dearest friend of my departed husband, you have the right to my heart. Your virtuous and generous behaviour in every respect towards me merits this return. Let me have an answer to this in writing: nor make objection that you are not my equal in point of rank. Your worth is far superior to rank. What is inequality in this respect to people of sense? and as to the vulgar, we have souls above being affected by their censure or applause. Besides, no one but yourself and family knows of what rank I am."

Scarce had he read the contents of this billet, but he flew to me with eager haste; while from his eyes beamed ineffable love! And though ever since the death of my husband, and during his life-time, he never behaved to me with more than common civility; he now appeared before me with all the ardour of a fond lover, embracing me with such an engaging and irresistible tenderness, that if I even had not loved him before, he would now have inspired me with that tender passion. “ Now, says he, have you given me a right to discover to you the secrets of my heart; now have you given me permission to declare without offence, what from respect and reverence for you, I would not otherwise have dared to make known. Heavens! is it possible that you love me!—What a blessing am I now in possession of?—a blessing I some time ago should have thought it the highest presumption in me to have aspired to.—And though my heart has long felt the most ardent passion for you, a sense of my own demerits, and your superior worth, has always checked me from making the declaration. Suffice it, your present assurance,

your unprecedented generosity, make me one of the most happy of men." In short, we went down and acquainted our landlady of our intentions; who, with her husband, seemed quite overjoyed at the unexpected news. Our cash had now been six years in trade, and was encreased to nearly double the first principal; by which means we were enabled to live very comfortably upon our income; but our generous landlord would by no means suffer us to leave him. He kept our money as before, and continued to us every possible mark of esteem and regard.

Sir R— was now become my spouse, or to speak more emphatically, my dear husband; and whom I loved with as much tenderness and fidelity as I had before done, and did now the memory of, my dear Count G—. In the qualifications of his mind he was equal, if not superior to him; but in regard to his person he was rather his inferior, though he was tall and well made; but he had not that pleasing, or rather insinuating address which takes so many at first sight; his habitual reserve rendering it necessary to be in company with him more

than once, e'er you discovered his talents, which, when once known, were always admired. Yet I will not maintain that he would have appeared thus agreeable to every woman; it was sufficient he was so to me: and I can declare, that I thought him every day more agreeable; for his conversation afforded me every day something new in it to admire. He was near forty years of age; yet from the time that I first knew him he was not in the least altered in his person: for from his regularity of life and great evenness of temper, he enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health: and it might truly be said, none could be happier than we: and as we boasted not of our felicity, so we lived unenvied, and therefore doubly enjoyed our bliss. Neither of us aimed at superiority. The sense of command and obedience, therefore, was unknown to us; but to please and be agreeable to each other was our constant study. In our œconomy we were accountable to none but ourselves. We had more than we wanted, and therefore were enabled to distribute happiness to others. We lived in a family that suited themselves to our incli-

inclination; and though residing in a populous city, we lived as retired as in a country village; and this was our choice. Reading and contemplation afforded us the most delightful amusement. We devoted always some of our hours to study; not with a view to gain admiration by it, or to make a boast of our learning to others; but with a view to enrich our minds with useful knowledge. To sum up all, we had not a wish left to gratify; for we wished for nothing more than we enjoyed, to wit, the alternate pleasure of reciprocal endearment.

Many people maintain, that the pleasures of conjugal love are attended with less ardour than that resulting from a private amour; because, say they, the love of almost all married persons soon degenerates into cold indifference. But these people do not know the happiness of a married state, where prudence and discretion are the guide: they cherish and support love's fire, like as the blood receives its circulation from the pulsation of the heart. It is true, a continued series of uninterrupted bliss cannot always subsist in matrimony, no

more than in any other state; for this would be perfect happiness; a happiness not allotted for finite beings. But where both are actuated by a well-grounded passion, a lively tenderness will always remain even to the latest years. And though our passions will decay by age, yet this decay will not destroy our natural dispositions: and while passion keeps pace with desire, it will never fail to yield some contentment. In short, after several years we were as much enamoured with each other as at the first commencement of our love: for let it not be thought, that though we studied the sciences, and devoted much of our time to reading and contemplation, that therefore the softer passions were forgot; or that we were strangers to those tender and delicate feelings of enjoyment, that are the result of real love: no, we enjoyed all the raptures of that pure and celestial passion. Nor can I help looking upon all those romantic notions of Platonic or spiritual love, as truly ridiculous in themselves, and as throwing an odium on an express command of God. The body, as well as the soul, is the work of an all-wise Creator: and
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they who would persuade us that they love but for the perfection of the soul, speak either against their conscience, or assert what they do not understand. That love which is confined to the body only, and consists in the bare gratifications of sensual desire, betrays a degenerate and corrupted heart: while on the other hand this love which boasts only of spiritual ecstasies, exclusive of bodily enjoyment, is nought but the mere chimera or enthusiasm of a romantic or misled imagination. These pretenders to spiritual essence, who thus affect to despise their corporeal substance, would, I am persuaded, if put to the test, sooner lose ten souls than be deprived of their corporeal faculties.

But to resume the thread of my history. We lived, as I have said before, in the full fruition of contentment. We acquainted Carlson (which was the name of Caroline's son) of our marriage, and desired he would make us a visit as soon as it was convenient to him; for it was now four years since we had seen him. In his answer, after kindly congratulating us on our nuptials, he informed us that fortune had been favourable
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to him ever since his departure; that he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant; and that a few weeks ago he had been made one of the happiest of men, by his marriage with a young lady whom he had taken out of a nunnery: that, indeed, he did not know her family, by reason that she had been in the nunnery ever since she was six years of age; and that she herself did not know who were her parents, she having gone by the name of Marian, without any family appellation: that though it was true she might be of the meanest extraction, yet she was so every way amiable, he only wished for her sake that he might arrive at the highest honours, that she might share them with him (for Carlson had no further knowledge of his birth, than that he was the son of my first husband's steward, who had died in his infancy). He begged us with much intreaty to come to the Hague; in the vicinity of which place his regiment was quartered.

This account, instead of pleasing, gave us some uneasiness; for though we doubted not but that it was a marriage of love, yet we were concerned, lest it should prove
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to have been a too precipitate step. In the mean time we sent him two or three hundred ducats, to enable him to make an appearance equal to his rank; and promised to pay him a visit as soon as the season and my condition would permit, I having just then been brought to bed of a daughter. Accordingly in the spring we set out for the Hague; a few miles from which we found Carlson and his wife agreeably situated; and whose behaviour soon gave us reason to be fully confident, that they were equally deserving of each other. Marian was indeed an exquisite beauty. She was of a fair complexion; had a fine, full, blue, languishing eye, that when looked at by strangers heightened the vermilion in her cheeks, through the consciousness that they betrayed the extreme sensibility of her heart; and if even the rest of her person had not been equally engaging, yet the bewitching sweetness of her countenance alone would have entitled her to be ranked among the first class of pleasing beauties. Of the strength of her judgment I shall not say much, for she was educated in a nunnery; nevertheless the innocence and sincerity

sincerity of her heart would have amply supplied her want of experience in life, if even she had had less discernment than she really had. There remained on her yet a timid bashfulness, which she had contracted in the convent; but as this bashfulness proceeded from the purity of her heart, instead of an awkwardness, it appeared rather as a grace. Yes, I repeat it, this bashfulness appeared in her quite engaging; for as the shade in a beautiful picture, it served to set off the masterly strokes of the piece.

I am at a loss for words when I would describe her tenderness towards her husband. To have an idea thereof, one must draw the picture of a handsome engaging young fellow, full of life and spirit (for such was Carlson) and a young girl, who from nature possessed every female tenderness, and who, from being immured from her infancy in a cloister, where the austerity of life she led, and the rigid principles of chastity and self-denial daily enforced, instead of suppressing, served as a spur to the passion of love when her heart felt its soft emotions; from this, I say, we may in
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some measure conceive, how fervent the passion of love was in her susceptible heart.

In short, Sir R—— and myself were quite pleased with Carlson's choice; nay, we received so much satisfaction from seeing the happiness of this truly worthy pair, that we scarce could think of parting with them. We therefore sent to Amsterdam for remittances, and continued above a year with this engaging young couple. Nothing seemed wanting to our felicity but the company of Carlson's amiable mother. We had lately received a letter from her, informing us that her health was vastly mended, and that she flattered herself she should soon be in a condition to come to us. We immediately dispatched the postilion (that had formerly brought the news of my husband's death) to attend her on her journey; but he met her on the road, so that she was with us sooner than we expected. Our meeting was attended with an universal joy; and the pleasure she received from her son's happiness and my satisfaction, gave her new health and spirits, so that she appeared more chearful and
lively

lively every day : yet would this worthy woman say to me sometimes, “ I fear my happiness is too great to be of long duration.”

In the mean time Marian was delivered of a daughter. This also gave us an additional pleasure. Yet the more pleasure we thus received on Marian's account, the more desirous were we to know something of her birth, which after all our enquiries still remained to us an impenetrable secret. Urged by the force of her love for Carlson, she had left the nunnery privately on his account. It behoved us therefore to be circumspect in our enquiries concerning her, lest we should endanger a discovery that might prove prejudicial to them. We commissioned a person in whom we could confide, to use his best endeavours to gain some intelligence concerning Marian's parents ; who received no other satisfaction, than that her birth and family were entirely unknown in the nunnery, she having been brought there when she was only six years of age by a middling sort of a man, who deposited a sum of money for her education ; saying nothing further, than that she

was

was the daughter of an unfortunate Hollander, who desired she might not be brought up in the reformed religion. Perhaps, added they, the Lady Abbess might have been intrusted with something more of the affair; but she had been dead for some time. In short, our discovery amounted to no more, than that there was not a single person in the monastery who knew any thing for certain of Marian's birth. Nor could we expect to have any further information: for how many children are there put into nunneries under feigned names, and maintained there by unknown persons?

We concluded at last to return to Amsterdam, our affairs demanding our presence there. Caroline accompanied us to the Hague; where she made diligent enquiry concerning her brother Andreas; but could learn nothing more than she already knew, viz. that after his wife's decease he had failed, having been unfortunate in trade; and that he afterwards went to the East Indies with a view to retrieve his fortune. We continued here a few days, where we also accommodated ourselves with money

to defray our travelling expences. Just as we were about to depart, we received a message from the merchant of whom we had had our cash, informing us that there was lately arrived at Amsterdam a ship from the East Indies, on board of which was Mr. Andreas (about whom we had made enquiry) who was returned to Holland, and that he had been at his house a few hours before. This news was of too much importance for us to pursue our journey without first seeing him. But would to God we never had seen him! He came to our lodgings the next day, when the first question Caroline asked him was, what was the reason he had neglected to give her an account of her daughter's death before he went to the East Indies? What! is Marian dead, cried he? What do you talk to me of a Marian, interrupted his sister; I ask you after my daughter, called Caroline after me; if she is not dead; where is she? is she still living? Oh! would to God that she were! My dear sister, answered Andreas, do hear what I have to say. It is true she was christened after you Caroline; but out of love to my wife, and because I had adopted

adopted her as my own child, I changed her name to Marian after my wife. I will relate to you all, if you will have patience to hear me, and promise to forgive me where you think I have done wrong in regard to her. “ My beloved wife died, you know, about ten years ago; at which time also Marian lay so dangerously ill, that I had very little hopes of her recovery. However, it pleased the Almighty to restore her again to health.

“ About the same time being bankrupted, I was disagreeably necessitated to try to retrieve my fortune elsewhere: for which purpose I went to the East-Indies. You know I was brought up a Roman Catholic; and I loved your daughter, or rather my adopted child, with a truly parental fondness. Therefore that she might be educated in my religion, and partly that she might not be exposed to want, I put her privately into a nunnery situated on the frontiers of the Austrian Netherlands; having first, with the remains of what I had left, satisfied the Lady Abbess for educating and taking care of this dear child. It was my intention to have

gone immediately on my arrival to the monastery; but I have been detained these two or three days by the extreme hurry of business. I shall now directly set off, for I am to the last degree impatient to know whether she is living or dead. Will you, sister, accompany me? it is but a short journey; we can be back again in three days." She consenting, they accordingly hired a machine and set off without farther preparation.

My husband and I, lost in astonishment at this relation, had scarce power to speak: an universal shivering seized all my limbs. Good God, at last exclaimed my husband, what will this end in! Marian in a monastery, and not far from the frontiers; what a dreadful intelligence! Ah! the poor, the unfortunate Carlson! Would to heaven my present fears may prove groundless! Would to God this Andreas were returned again, or rather, that he never had set foot again in Europe. His presence will certainly unfold a most melancholy secret to us, which otherwise never would have come to our knowledge. What a trial for poor Caroline on finding her daughter, to be

be obliged to tear from the arms of her son his beloved wife !

Such were the direful apprehensions under which we laboured, till the return of Andreas with his sister Caroline, whose looks bespoke the inward anguish of her mind, and proved that our suspicions were but too well founded. She burst into tears, and seemed like one distracted, while her brother sat motionless beside her ; and though he vented not his grief in complaints or tears, yet his countenance betrayed a heart wrung with the most poignant sorrow. Pitiabie indeed was the scene ! an universal silence prevailed ; and it was some time e'er my husband and I could so far recollect ourselves, as to enquire into the result of their journey : which was, that having been at the monastery they were told, that the Nun Marian had been taken into the nunnery in such a year (the date and year agreeing with the time of Andreas's putting her in) ; but that about a year and half ago she had privately left that community, and, according to report, had been married to a young nobleman. What was now to be done ? Instead of pur-

suings our journey to Amsterdam, it was necessary to return to Carlson's quarters; for it was now but too plain that this same Nun could be no other than Carlson's wife. Yet evident as this appeared to us, the bare idea that it might be otherwise flattered us that it really was not so: and notwithstanding the information received from the nunnery was a demonstration that our first conjectures were well founded, yet we now took pains to render it doubtful, and strove to believe that true which our wishes made us hope would prove so.

Should I not have known my child, cried Caroline? could I not have discovered in her some traces of myself? impossible! I must have known her! (though, poor woman, she had not seen her since she was three months old). A young nobleman, added my husband, a young nobleman! how could Carlson give himself out for a nobleman! he has too much modesty and good sense, I am sure, to assume a title to which he has no claim. No, no, my dear, interrupted I, that can never be; had he personated a nobleman, he would most undoubtedly have added the station of an officer

ficer of rank to it: it is very probable to me that some other child has been taken into the monastery this same year, whose name has been Marian. Andreas too (who had not been to the Indies to improve his philosophy) gave it as his opinion, that nature could not have inspired them with so violent a passion for each other, had they been so nearly related. (Sound philosophy this to be sure!)

Thus we employed the time of our journey in fruitless arguments and idle suggestions, every moment contradicting each other, as hope or despair agitated our minds; till at last we drew near the spot where all must soon be terminated. Then it was we first began to reflect on the great circumspection that was necessary to be used, towards the unfortunate couple so deeply interested in this affair, and began to plan a behaviour necessary on the occasion.

It was agreed, that we should by no means let them know the real cause of our journey; but pretend, that the pleasure we knew they would take to hear of Mr. Andreas's safe arrival, made us accompany him hither to share it with them. For,

continued we, if the Nun Marian proves to be our Marian, and the discovery of it be made known to them at once, the consequence might be fatal; it might plunge them into irretrievable despair. No, added I, if she is the real Marian, I will take her from this place for life. I will invite her to Amsterdam to spend the summer season with me, which favor I dare say Carlson will not refuse me; and when there, we will take a proper opportunity to divulge to her the fatal secret. When Carlson also may in like manner be made acquainted with his misfortunes; for he must not see her again while he lives. This is the best method I think we can take to support him under his pitiable circumstances. His religion and good sense also must lead him to see the propriety of what we do. As to the dear little pledge of this unhappy marriage, I will take care to have it educated from its mother, that she may not have before her eyes the living witness of her unlawful love.

In the midst of these consultations we arrived at Carlson's quarters, who happened to be standing at his own door, and
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seeing us coming, ran full speed to meet us, his looks at the same time bespeaking surprise. We endeavoured all we could to force a serenity of countenance, telling him, “ the cause of this our second visit was to accompany Mr. Andreas, who had arrived from the East Indies just as we got to the Hague.” Who was more joyful than Carlson! he led us into the parlour to his Marian, whom Mr. Andreas had no sooner cast his eyes on, but he fell on her neck, and exclaimed with great vehemence, just God! it is she, it is she—unfortunate man that I am—I alone am to blame—I am the unhappy cause of all this!

Thus in a moment was overthrown the fine plan of circumspection that we had resolved to pursue. Caroline left the room, and appeared totally given up to despair. Marian tried to disengage herself from the embraces of Andreas, but he held her fast locked in his arms; nor had I power to take her from him. Carlson stood like one petrified, and asked a hundred times over what was the matter, which my husband attempted to explain to him, but was unable. When Marian at last disengaging
 F 4 herself

herself from Mr. Andreas she ran to me, and desired I would tell her the meaning of all this confusion. I began to speak, without knowing what to say—I begged her pardon—I assured her of my friendship—I embraced her, and could say no more. In the mean while Carlson came to take his wife out of my arms; at which I cried out, no, no! Marian is not your wife, Marian is your sister. At hearing this, Marian swooned away. This aroused me and my husband from the stupefaction into which we had both fallen. The first thing we did was to lay her on a bed, where she recovered out of one fit but to fall into another; nor did she come to herself all the rest of the day. My husband went to enquire after Caroline, whom we had not seen since she left the parlour. He found her in the summer-house in a supplicating posture.

I come now to the occurrences of the next day, when the violent agitations of our distracted minds being a little more composed, gloomy melancholy took place in its stead; and the grief that was yesterday too great for utterance, now vented itself

self in sighs and tears, while the efforts we made to comfort each other seemed to afford us some little relief. Carlson came to the bed of his Marian, full of anguish, shame, and distressed tenderness. Indeed it was a most affecting scene to behold the looks of these two young persons. Religion demanded the sacrifice of their conjugal love to fraternal duty, while their hearts rebelled against it; for they had loved each other with an uncommon passion. Add to this, they were in the spring of their marriage, at the time they were thus obliged to dissolve their union. How truly pitiable was their case; for they no sooner saw each other but they loved: and being strangers to their affinity of blood, could not have supposed that it could have been criminal to indulge their mutual passion. Nature itself pleaded in their behalf, and urged, that as it was morally impossible they could have found out from their own innate feelings that they were brother and sister; so they might for that very reason justly claim the liberty of continuing their conjugal union without controul.

Ah!

Ah ! brother, repeatedly cried Marian, leave me; leave me, unfortunate husband! begin to hate me—I am your sister—yet no! my heart does not tell me so.—I am your's; your's by the sacred ties of marriage—God will not separate us—your wife desires no greater bliss than to be your's.

He listened to these persuasive arguments of passion, regardless of the commands of religion; and studiously avoided calling her sister, but repeatedly pronounced her his Marian. He was naturally eloquent in expression, but in complaints he now exceeded the bounds of moderation. Yet as they sprang from the heart, they pierced the very soul of those who heard and beheld him. In the midst of his complaints he had recourse to philosophy to strengthen his arguments; and endeavoured to prove, that though their marriage might be condemned by civil authority, yet it was permitted by divine institution. But in fact, his arguments were nothing more than so many repeated declarations, that his marriage with Marian was lawful, and that nothing but death should separate them. In the

the anguish of his soul he wished a hundred times that Andreas had been dead, before he had opened his lips in the discovery of this innocent transaction. While poor Andreas sat mute, and seemed as if the cold hand of death was upon him; and I really believe he would cheerfully have resigned some years of his natural life, could he by it have restored happiness and tranquillity again to this distressed couple.

Caroline at last went hastily to the bedside of Marian, and commanded Carlson to withdraw. Ah! my dear child, cried she, have I found you again only to tear you from the arms of your brother? would to God I had not been obliged to go through this heavy trial—Heaven sure has sent it as a chastisement for my——But let heaven's will be done! neither of you are culpable. Your not knowing the relation in which you stood to each other justifies your love; but the knowledge of it now must render the continuation of this your love in the highest degree criminal! I am the mother of you both, and love you as my dearest children. But, if instead of putting in practice this self-denial which
duty

duty enjoins, you obstinately persist in doing that which heaven forbids, I shall not only renounce you as my children, but ever look on you with horror and detestation!

This discourse of Caroline's, though carrying in it justness of sentiment, was rather too harsh, and too early delivered to have the desired effect: on the contrary, it served but to plunge them still deeper into despair. My husband took a more gentle method to calm their troubled minds; for he was too well acquainted with the human heart not to know, that soothing and persuasive arguments are more necessary than demonstrative truths, to eradicate the errors and pleasing delusions of a misled judgment. He said it was a case of conscience, and rather above our arbitration; let us therefore submit it, said he, to the decision of some able divine: who knows, continued he, but that this marriage may yet be allowed. This little artifice was as a healing balm to their afflicted hearts, and served as a check also on their passion. They consented to appeal to some University of note, and abide by the determination

tion of its members; not indeed through any conviction that what they had done was wrong, but in hopes they would have a public approbation of their marriage.

This point gained, we failed not to turn it to advantage. We encouraged Marian to follow us to Amsterdam, as soon as she was recovered enough to undertake the journey, by flattering her with the possibility of obtaining a dispensation from Rome; and that her husband perhaps might procure a leave of absence for six months, which he might spend with us. All this was happily pleasing to them both, and for several days their souls seemed to be lulled into a gentle calm; and Marian so far recovered, that she thought herself able to accompany us to Amsterdam; which while we were preparing for once more, Carlson received orders to repair instantly to his regiment on pain of being broke, strict orders being received to march immediately to the place of rendezvous.

This unexpected news wrought different effects on Carlson and Marian; the former appeared pleased at it, while the latter became again a prey to the most poignant sorrow.

sorrow. Nay, so far did she give way to the inward anguish of her soul, that on perceiving his readiness to comply with the order, she upbraided him in the most passionate manner, calling him unfaithful, and that he only wished for an opportunity to get rid of her! One would scarce think it possible that a woman could thus be actuated by jealousy for a husband, whom she had discovered to be her brother! But love, like enthusiasm, is seldom guided by reason.

We saw with great grief this violence of Marian's passion, and that her heart could admit of no argument which carried the least tincture of parting with him. Carlson assured her with the most solemn protestations, that he loved her with the same ardor as ever; and that his readiness to march proceeded from an innate assurance, that Providence had thus ordained it to determine their fate. If I fall, said he, in the field, it will be for our happiness. Would not this be far preferable to the pain of you to see and you to love! Would it not also be a more desirable event to you, than to be torn from me by violence? Be
com-

comforted then, my dearest Marian, and wait with patience the event. If I return safe, it will be an indication that heaven approves our marriage: and if I fall, esteem it as a proof that you are deprived of a man, whom you ought to regard as your brother, and not as your husband.

What pains does the heart often take to deceive itself? and under particular circumstances, pleasing delusions are sometimes of advantage. Suffice it, these reasons of Carlson's served not only to calm the tempest of his own mind, but that also of Marian's. They submitted the issue of their fate to heaven, from whose divine tribunal they promised themselves justice: by which however they meant nothing more than what was agreeable to their wishes. They supplicated God for assistance, as if they had been cruelly dealt with by man: in short, they were full of confidence that the Almighty would not be offended at their living together. Carlson repaired to his regiment as if he went to win his Marian in an engagement; while she took leave of him with the same tranquillity

lity as if she was assured they were soon to meet, never to be parted any more.

As soon as he was gone she with great composure set out with us, with her daughter and her mother for Amsterdam. Andreas, who had mended his fortune somewhat in the East Indies, staid at the Hague to establish himself there again; in which he was also assisted by his sister, who gave him the best part of her money that she had brought with her out of Germany. We had the satisfaction to find on our arrival at Amsterdam, our worthy landlord and his lady in perfect health, and under the same easy circumstances as when we left them. We introduced Marian to them as Carlson's wife, and Caroline as his mother.

We had now lived some months together in tolerable tranquillity, when we received the melancholy tidings that Carlson was no more: that he had not indeed fallen in battle, but that a violent distemper which then prevailed in the army had proved fatal to him. My husband, myself, and his mother, were sensibly affected at this account. Yet when we reflected on his unfortunate marriage, it moderated our grief; it being, under his unhappy

unhappy circumstances, rather a desirable event than otherwise, as nothing else could possibly have terminated their unhappy case. For it never could have been supposed that any public authority, either religious or civil, would have authorized their marriage, but on the contrary might have publickly forbid it : and on the other hand, they would either not have submitted to a separation, or have been made for ever wretched by conforming to the tenor of the law.

Our chief concern was now for Marian : for though she had placed her utmost confidence in the Almighty concerning the event ; yet, as I have already said, it was in full expectation that the result would be favorable to her wishes, and that it would turn out to their mutual satisfaction. We therefore dreaded her despair on this occasion ; nevertheless it was necessary that she should be made acquainted with his death. But how to do it was the question. My husband at last took upon him this arduous task. Having armed himself with as much resolution as possible, he called her into the parlour ; where, after a little previous dis-

course, can you not penetrate, Marian, said he, what I am about to inform you of? Be not shocked: yet alas! I fear you will not be able to help it. Here is a letter I have received from the camp. Say no more, Sir, exclaimed she, I already know the contents: my husband is dead. Oh! unfortunate woman! yet I am satisfied, since not the world but heaven has snatched him from me. Now I see that it was not the will of God that we should live together. But tell me how he died? was he left in the field?

We were astonished at this unexpected calmness, this surprising resignation, which in a manner rendered needless the studied precepts of advice and consolation we had prepared to offer her; nevertheless we doubted whether we might trust to her present conduct; for though she affected to submit to her fate, yet we could see that she mourned in silent grief.

A few days after we received another letter, whose superscription was in Carlson's own hand-writing; which I candidly confess filled me with more consternation than when I first heard of his death. Good God!

God! exclaimed I to myself, in what will this end? Carlson has surely left the camp on account of his sickness, or perhaps is totally discharged; then will he soon be here again with Marian! While strange emotions thus agitated the breast of my husband, Caroline, and myself; Marian when she saw the letter was like one besides herself for joy. She held it in her hand (for it was directed to her) in an ecstasy, that would not for some time permit her to open it; nor would she give it to us to open, but kept looking at it as an unknown treasure she would not look into, until she had guessed what might be its worth. When however at last she opened it, she found by the date it had been written several weeks before that which informed us of Carlson's death. In short, it was a letter in which he took his leave of her, in the following manner:

“ Dearest Marian!

IT is above four weeks that I have not been able to know my own situation, much less to acquaint you of my illness till

this hour. Yet do I think myself happy that I have been ill, and near the verge of death, without being sensible of either. What should I not have endured all that time on your account, had I been master of my reason? God be praised for this manner of my death! I am worn away, quite enfeebled! And since the return of my reason, my thoughts have been wholly busied in the contemplation of eternity; as I look upon the little remainder of my life, only a few moments lent me by fate to settle my affairs in this world, and prepare for a happy futurity. Farewel then, my dearest Marian, farewel for ever! Mourn not my death as for that of a husband, but as a brother — Melancholy addition! Conceal from the knowledge of our daughter, if she lives, her being the fruit of an unlawful union. Banish it also, if you can, from your own remembrance. My conscience reproaches me not for having loved you, but reproves me for not having ceased to love you as my wife, after the fatal discovery of your being my sister. Alas! how different are our thoughts on a death-bed from those we entertain when we enjoy health

health of body and vigour of mind. What does not reason conceive, or how much does it not conceive, when the passions are calm and enfeebled! I feel my approaching end, and I feel it with satisfaction. Yet, just God! shall I not see you again—must I leave my dearest Marian—must I die? What terrible emotions agitate my breast—my spirits fail me—I can write no more.

Thus far I wrote about half an hour ago. I now enjoy a share of tranquillity, my lamp sparkling up a little before it quite goes out. Farewel, my Marian! Salute my mother and my two generous friends. My friend Dormond (whose visits we have frequently enjoyed) is with me, and will not leave me while life remains. If you could prevail on yourself to love another, remember your dying husband respects him before any one else, to succeed him; he will bring you my watch with your picture. The rest of my things I have distributed among my poor soldiers. I now feel the icy hand of death upon me. Farewel!"

As soon as Marian perceived that this her letter was nothing more than a death-bed leave from her Carlson, and that she had deceived herself with false hopes; then it was she first gave vent to her grief, and broke out into the most bitter lamentations. But I forbear entering into the melancholy description of her distress, and the attending consequences both to herself and us; which, though important in regard to our own feelings, will not perhaps be interesting to the reader.

We now began to taste again the sweets of calm repose, and it seemed as if heaven would force riches upon us. Our capital had yielded us much more than we desired, and far more than we had occasion for. I therefore never once thought of claiming the money that Count G—— had advanced, and which was due to me from the crown of Sweden; I was rather pleased to find that I had no occasion to concern myself about that country, which was now quite weakened and exhausted by a long and unprofitable war. Suffice it, I lived contented and unknown, the wife of an agreeable and sensible man. The misfortunes

tunes that had hitherto assailed us, we esteemed but as preparatives for the enjoyment of succeeding rest. One may venture to affirm, that the happiness which springs only from a series of uninterrupted ease, is no happiness at all. To be sure, disappointments in life are not agreeable, yet their consequences often produce pleasing reflections: at least they may be considered as useful medicines, which, though nauseous to take, are nevertheless salutary in their effects.

In the midst of this our tranquillity, which we had now enjoyed above a twelve-month, arrived Mr. Dormond, Carlson's friend, and delivered the gold watch with the picture in it to Marian, agreeable to the advice she had received in her husband's letter. Marian was acquainted with him before, from his intimacy with Carlson, but to us he was an utter stranger. He was by birth a Hollander, very agreeable in his person, and by his easy address soon became a favorite among us. He had been a staff officer, but had now quitted the service to live in a retired manner on his fortune. He was not learned, or what you

might call a bright young fellow; but by help of a few books, and keeping good company, he had attained a certain smartness of wit, that never failed to gain him admiration almost at first sight.

He had also a superficial knowledge of several languages; but the German he understood perfectly well. He purposed to settle at Amsterdam. In this it was easy to see his design: Marian was his object; and indeed she was worthy any one's quitting both camp and court for her sake. She was still exceedingly handsome, her misfortunes having not in the least impaired her external charms, but on the contrary, had rather heightened them by a becoming solidity impressed on her features. At the same time, experience had added much to the beauties of her mind: so that in conversation as well as person she was worthy both of admiration and esteem. Add to this, she was still in the bloom of youth, being but between eighteen and nineteen. Dormond lost no opportunity to render himself agreeable to her, and by his assiduity soon insinuated himself into her favor; and she the more readily gave him her
friendship,

friendship, as she meant but to honor the memory of her deceased husband, by esteeming the man who was dear to him. The transition is easy from friendship to love. In short, he gained the ascendancy of her heart, though insensibly to herself. She came to me one day, and with a look of great importance says, "Madam, ought we not to make some little acknowledgment to Mr. Dormond for the instances of his friendship to Carlson? suppose we make him a present of Carlson's watch, to keep in remembrance of him? I thought of giving it him myself, only as my picture is in it you know, Madam, I thought may be it might not look so well in me to give it him." I understood this language perfectly well. And pray, my good Marian, said I (looking at her with a smile) why should you hesitate to give your picture to the man, who undoubtedly has already the possession of your heart? I perceive you are willing to confer a favor on Mr. Dormond under a pretence of friendship; which in reality, my dear, is nothing more than downright pure love: come, my child, I will help you out of this terrible dilemma.

Give

Give me but the watch, and we will soon have an end of this affair.

Accordingly I so managed matters, that soon after the delivery of the watch followed the mutual surrender of their hearts. To be brief, Marian became the wife of Mr. Dormond; and there appeared so much felicity between them, that they seemed born to make each other happy. Though Marian would sometimes vex her husband, yet the cause was of such a nature, that a husband could not in reality be offended at it: her fault was jealousy (a common error in our sex). I remember she came to me one day with her eyes streaming in tears, while the emotions of her mind seemed too great for utterance; so that I apprehended nothing less than that some dire misfortune had befallen her. When lo! what should this dreadful affair be that caused such agitation in her breast, but truly her husband's indifference to her; nay, she was almost ready to charge him with perfidy. I asked her what foundation she had for these suspicions? Why! he had just been writing some letters; and that she came behind him and kissed him several times,

times, and he took not the least notice of her, but continued on writing as if he did not want to see her. God knows, continued she, to whom the perfidious wretch is writing! I asked her if she had perused them, or knew any thing of the contents? No! only she saw one began with Sir. Would one have thought it possible, that so foolish a thing as this could, to a woman of sense, have given cause for jealousy? Yet, why should I question it, since we daily see it is no uncommon thing for love to exceed the bounds of reason: and when passion exceeds these limits, what avails it to boast of our understanding? Trifles sometimes lead to real ills; and indeed most of matrimonial disputes proceed from trifles. Yet trifling and insignificant as they may at first appear, by the aid of a mislaid judgment, they often form themselves into solid reasons for disgust or jealousy.

Marian had now been married three quarters of a year, when her husband fell dangerously ill: for two whole months he lay in the utmost extremity of pain, and we observed he laboured under some heavy affliction.

affliction of mind. He often with tears and entreaties begged his wife to leave the room; and what was to us very surprising, he could not endure the sight of Caroline, or Marian's child that she had by Carlson. My husband and I were the only persons whom he desired to have with him. So strange a behaviour alarmed us; for the agony of his mind seemed daily to increase: and he appeared to want consolation, yet we knew not how to administer it; for we knew not the cause of his inward disquiet, nor dared we to ask him. In the mean time he grew so bad that the physicians told us, there were no hopes of him. About midnight he sent for me and my husband to come to him immediately. When we came we thought him almost expiring; but he had his senses enough about him to order every body but us out of the room: when, in a kind of phrenzy, he began to curse himself and his unhappy passion in such bitter terms of anguish, as filled us with terror and astonishment; so that we could scarce persuade ourselves to stay alone in the room with him. He vented on himself the most horrid imprecations, saying,
 he

he was the greatest criminal the world had ever produced. "I am, cried he, the murderer of Carlson! I, wretch that I am! Ah! what will become of my soul! Divine justice pursues me! Oh, I am lost for ever. Ah! I see him—I see him! kill me!" raved he again. Sir R—— went to the bed-side and strove to calm his distracted mind; desiring him to lie still, and try to compose himself; for his fever was high, and therefore his ideas wandered on things foreign from truth. "No, no! exclaimed he, it is more than true; my conscience has been my tormentor long enough—I am the murderer of my friend—I am a monster, a villain!"—After Carlson had wrote his farewell letter to Marian, he began sensibly to recover; when I, instigated by a fatal passion for his wife, and having conceived hopes of obtaining her by his death, gave him (cursed deed!) poison, which put an end to his life. What fiend of hell could have done more?

Sir R—— made use of every argument that reason and religion suggested to him, to endeavour to administer some comfort to his tortured mind, but in vain; his conscience

science stifled every voice but that of black despair. He begged to see Marian once more, that he might with his own mouth confess his villainy to her. We entreated him for God's sake to desist from this intention, as it could not possibly answer any end, but that perhaps of being the death of Marian also. While we were speaking she came into the room; he called to her, but she was so overwhelmed with grief she neither heard nor saw him. He snatched her hand, and was beginning to confess his horrid guilt, when I put my hand to his mouth, while Sir R—— sang a hymn suitable to the occasion; after which we both kneeled by his bed-side and prayed. But all our endeavours availed but to make him the more outrageous, for he was determined she should know it. He then related to her the whole, with every aggravating circumstance, referring for the truth of what he said to the doctor and surgeon of the regiment, who (by Carlson's desire) had opened him after he was dead, and had found the poison which they supposed he had taken himself; though no one could divine what could have been the dreadful cause that
 could.

could have prompted him to commit so rash an action.

At this horrid relation Marian fell into a strong delirium, and in her ravings loaded him with the most opprobrious names; so that we were obliged to take her by force out of his sight.

After having thus somewhat discharged his conscience he seemed more at ease, and soon after fell into a profound sleep; in which he continued for two whole days and nights, so that we really imagined he never would have awoke again. But in this we were mistaken, for he awoke quite revived. We then went to see him; for though, as the perpetrator of so horrid a deed, we could not but look on him with abhorrence; yet, as a repentant sinner, philanthropy obliged us to give him our pity. He seemed more composed than he had been since his illness, and in the most moving terms besought our forgiveness; assuring us, that if it was the will of heaven for him to recover, he would remove from our sight an object that must be for ever odious to us; that he would seek out some remote place of retirement, where he would endeavour to

to atone for his crimes, by spending the remainder of his days in the constant exercise of repentance. He begged that we would keep Marian from his sight. This we had determined on before, and for that purpose had had her removed to our house; where all our attention became now necessary, to try to comfort this distressed creature, so that we did not see Dormond for two days; nevertheless we heard by messages, that he was in a fair way of recovery. On the third day Sir R—— went to see him, but he was gone no one knew whither. The following letter was left behind him, which exhibited a picture of his distracted mind:

“ I AM going as far as the vengeance of heaven will permit me. Marian shall see me no more. O God! to what lengths will not an unhappy passion drive one!—The ghost of my departed friend will haunt me wherever I go; yet that, and every punishment my wounded conscience can inflict, will I endure, rather than accumulate my guilt by self-murder.—Curse my
my

my memory, for I deserve it; yet do not publish my crimes to the world: it is punishment enough to lose Marian and the regard of her generous friends.—I will go again into the army, where, without a crime, I may perhaps get rid of a life which is thus hateful to me.—My effects I leave all to Marian.—May heaven reward you for your tender care of me during my illness, and for all you have suffered on my account, unworthy wretch that I am! Ah! the unfortunate Marian!”

Thus went away this unfortunate man we knew not whither, while Marian seemed insensible to every thing but her grief; she wept day and night, nor would be comforted; at the same time her disturbed mind caused a visible decay in her health; and to such a state was she at last reduced, that we were necessitated to open a vein in each of her arms. She then had her bed brought into my chamber. On asking her how she found herself after being bled? she answered with a fixed composure, that she was much better in spirits, and hoped she should have a good night's rest. But

the morning discovered a different scene; a scene most shocking indeed to behold! Scarce had I opened my eyes, and turned them towards her bed, when I beheld streams of blood issuing from it!—Then what could I suppose but that her bandages had become loose, and fell off in her sleep. She lay in a kind of death-like slumber, or rather swoon. I called out for help; and we immediately closed her veins, and put on fresh bandages. What appeared to us very extraordinary was, we perceived that the bandages had been absolutely taken off on purpose. Towards evening she came a little to herself, when she acknowledged that the desire of death had overcome every other consideration, and that she had loosened her bandages, in hopes it would produce the effect she so much desired. Fatigued and spent she could only add, in broken accents, that she hoped her end was near: she raised her head to kiss me, and then sunk motionless on the pillow, and soon after expired!

My present situation might be compared to that of a soldier, dangerously wounded in some perilous undertaking, who feels not

not the smart of his wounds till he has escaped the impending dangers. As soon as Marian was dead, my misery first began. I accused myself as being accessory to her death, in not watching her more closely that night. But what human wisdom can foresee, or prudence guard against, possible consequences? It is true, I promoted her marriage with Dormond; and it is true also that he was the cause of her suicide. Dreadful were my reflections on this fatal catastrophe! Yet dreadful as they were, they would have been a thousand times more so, had they led me to pronounce her unhappy. No; my love, my esteem for this amiable woman, would not permit me to think that her soul was lost.

Her mother was far more resigned than myself, and beheld this event with a constancy of mind, which nought but a divine aid could have enabled her to support. She looked on it as one of those effects of Providence, whose cause became us not to know; and comforted herself with the reflection, that the Almighty was just in all his ways; wisely concluding, that as creation was the work of his hands, it must be

the object of his care! In short, she bore her misfortunes with an heroic fortitude. And indeed, what greater support can we have in misfortunes than a full reliance on the Almighty; which leads to the holy hope of immortal happiness hereafter! It is this hope to the unfortunate that makes the nauseous draught of life go down. Having thus conquered our grief by the force of reason and religion, we began to taste once more the sweets of tranquillity. We retired to our books, while love and harmony obliterated the mournful remembrance of the past. About this time my husband wrote a little pamphlet, which he intitled, *Constancy in Adversity*.

Three months had scarce elapsed since the death of Marian, when we were deprived also of our worthy landlord (his wife died a little before him); which loss made a considerable alteration in our affairs. For we were now obliged to take charge of our capital ourselves; which, together with that Dormond bequeathed to Marian, was become considerable, and which in fact was a great burthen to us; as neither myself, my husband, or Caroline, knew

knew the right use of money ; and I really believe, we would rather have parted with one half of it, than been troubled with taking care of the whole.

Andreas, Caroline's brother, was now well settled again at the Hague ; and to enable him to trade with greater advantage, we made him a present of one thousand dollars. We intrusted to his care also one half of our stock to trade with for us ; and the remainder we made a reserve of, to help such of our friends as might stand in need of our assistance. If to be at all times careful and saving of money is esteemed a virtue, then I am sure that we were greatly wanting in this duty. For to us it was a sufficient reason to give it away, if we knew that the person who applied to us was honest, and had more occasion for it than we ; and the word of an honest man was with Sir R—— of the same force as a bond. It is true, by this we sometimes lost money, but we were never defrauded of it ; for our debtors were people of principle, though unfortunate, and they endeavoured the more to pay us the money we had advanced to them, as they were sensible that

we had done it from no self-interested views. In short, their gratitude and known integrity would have excited us to be generous, had we even not been so by nature. But the heart-felt satisfaction which results from the consciousness of having contributed to the happiness of the deserving, was to us a more than sufficient recompence for the little losses that we now and then sustained. And to a generous mind, it certainly requires more resolution to check the pleasing impulse of bestowing a seasonable assistance, than nobly to indulge it; though at the expence sometimes perhaps of a little worldly prudence.

We at last (for several reasons) left Amsterdam; and, together with our daughter, Caroline and Carlson's daughter, went to the Hague to Mr. Andreas. I should have mentioned also the daughter of our deceased landlord, who at his death was committed to my sole care; she also was with us. Her fortune was placed in good hands at Amsterdam, until she came of age.

This young lady was now about fifteen years of age; she was not what you might call handsome, but possessed of most excellent

cellent natural parts. She pleased without knowing it; and her agreeable behaviour gained her more admirers than perhaps, as a mere beauty, she might otherwise have had: for I believe few men, if left to their choice, either of a woman for mere beauty, or a sensible one without it, but would fix on the latter as a partner for life. I can say, without ostentation, that I had the greatest share in the education of this child, whose name was Florentina. And when I add that she possessed every grace of deportment, I would not be thought to mean that she received it alone from my instruction; but only, that I procured her opportunities to gain it. She was much indebted to the polite and instructive conversation of Caroline and Sir R—. She had been brought up more in the company of men than her own sex; and this also I reckon another of her advantages: for if it is allowed that men receive their polish of manners from their conversation with us, so may it with equal truth be asserted, that it is from the company of men we receive strength of judgment and solidity of sentiment. But I am far from meaning such

who set themselves up for men of gallantry and intrigue, whose wit consists in effrontery and grimace; who ogle, smile, and bow, and simper out unmeaning sentences of love; who know no other way of rendering themselves agreeable to our sex but by abject flattery, whose aim is to corrupt and not improve. Such men are certainly not fit associates for young ladies, unless we would consider youth and beauty as the characteristics of vanity and ignorance.

It would have been in the highest degree unpardonable in me, not to have exerted myself to the utmost of my power in the education of this child; considering the time and conveniency I had for it, exclusive of her great capacity, and my being with her almost constantly ever since she was seven years of age. Her good qualities made her afterwards the wife of a man, who held one of the chief posts in Holland, and whose high station was the least that gained him esteem and respect; but I shall speak of Florentina in another place.

We had scarce been a month at the Hague, when a ship arrived from Russia, whose cargo was chiefly consigned to Mr.
Andreas;

Andreas; who on this occasion invited us to go on board with him. We accordingly accepted of the invitation, and took a boat and went about a mile to meet the vessel that was coming into the harbour.

I come now to a period of my life, whose consequence surpasses all that I have hitherto related, and which indeed demands my utmost resolution to describe; so violent are the emotions of my heart, on the recollection of a circumstance that has cost it so much. I know the chief beauty in description is so to describe, as that the reader may not only understand what you mean, but fancy he beholds the objects before him; and by becoming insensibly affected, imagine himself as it were an actor in the scene. But in this I fear I shall fall far short.

We went, as I have said before, about a mile to meet this ship, on board of which were ten or twelve German passengers, and a few Russians, all of whom came ashore and congratulated Mr. Andreas on the safe arrival of his ship, as they had heard that he was the owner of it; while Andreas, whose attention was solely engrossed about his

his ship and cargo, was highly entertained with the discourse of the passengers concerning the voyage; but this to me being rather disagreeable, I drew Sir R—— aside and desired him to return. While I was talking to him, one of the passengers came running up to me; and throwing his arms round my neck cried out, “ it is she, it is she! scarce could I credit my eyes, but now I am convinced it is my beloved wife.” At the same time he held me so fast, I could neither disengage myself from his hold, nor see who it was that had so rudely seized on me. For my part, I believed nothing else, but that it was some unfortunate poor creature who was out of his senses. But, just heavens! how great was my astonishment! when I discovered at last that it was none other than my dear Count G—— in a Russian habit, my first husband, whom I supposed to have been dead ten years ago. Language is insufficient to describe what I felt at the discovery. I had not power to speak; while the Count hung on me and burst into tears. He discovered at last Sir R—— my present husband, whom he also tenderly embraced. I heard not
what

what they said, for surprize and confusion had almost deprived me of my understanding; and I ran and flung myself into our carriage, which was waiting for us at some distance, without knowing what I did; they immediately followed me into it, where I several times embraced the Count, but in what manner I addressed him I know not, as my senses were quite bewildered.

We were now arrived at our house, where I began to recover my senses a little. The Count's joy was inexpressible on meeting with me again, especially in a place where he so little expected it. He repeated to me a thousand times, that I appeared as handsome and as amiable as when he left me; his pleasure was doubly great also as he had given me up for dead, on not having received any answer to the several letters he had sent me; having been assured by the bearers thereof, they should certainly be delivered into my own hands, if I was alive. In short, he had known as little of my affairs, as I did of his being alive. Sir R—— had withdrawn himself without our noticing it, so that we were now entirely by ourselves; when he began to relate to me
the

the sad vicissitudes of life he had gone through since he saw me (all of which I shall hereafter relate); and then desired, I would let him know the circumstances of mine since his departure. He asked me a hundred questions, to which I could only answer with my tears and caresses; for love and confusion had rendered me speechless. I had found a husband again, whom I loved with all the ardency of passion; and I was about to forsake another, whom I loved with an equal degree of tenderness. None but those of the keenest sensibility can judge, what I felt from the struggling passions that agitated my breast.

From my tears and the heavy sighs that burst from me, the Count conjectured that something fatal to his repose tormented my mind. He begged me with eagerness to unfold the cause of my apparent melancholy, and entreated me to let him know, if he was to be happy or miserable. But what could I say, unless I had confessed my marriage? I blushed, I sighed, and still was silent. "Are you not then my wife?" cried he with vehemence: God forbid that you should not; rather would I die than hear this from you!"

you!" To augment the anguish and consternation I was in, and at once to discover the fatal secret I so much dreaded to reveal, came at that instant my little daughter (a child about five years old) into the room where we sat; and seeing me in tears, cried out, What makes you cry, mama? I come from my papa, and he is crying too, and he will not speak to me. Indeed, my dear mama, I have not been naughty. "Good God, exclaimed the Count, then you are married! Unfortunate man! has it then been my destiny to find you again, only for my heart to undergo the severest torture. To whom are you married? speak; let me but know, and I will not offend you by my presence—I will leave you directly; nor will I charge you with unfaithfulness. For as you supposed me dead, I have no right to reproach you; nothing has caused my misfortunes but my hard fate. This perhaps is a punishment for my guilty commerce with Caroline. But recover yourself a little and tell me who is your husband, for I can hear it from none but yourself." I sprang from the chair on which I sat, and threw myself into his arms, but was not
able

able to speak. "Treat me not, said he, with this tenderness, though my heart tells me I deserve it; for your present husband can alone command your love, which I must now resign to virtue and my hard fate!"—His behaviour renewed my affliction, and which I was almost ready to sink under the weight of. He asked at last the child where her papa was, and why he did not come in? he came with you in the coach, Sir, answered she; he is now in his chamber crying. "Is then my dearest friend your husband?" cried the Count; then are my misfortunes lessened." He then begged the child to go and call her papa: but instead of coming, he sent by her the following letter written in French:

"My dear Count,

I PITY you from my inmost soul! I have, through the most pure and innocent passion, given you cause to look on me as your worst enemy. Can it be believed! I have taken from you your beloved wife.—The error, or rather certainty of your being
dead,

dead, permitted me the possession of her; but your presence now dissolves our union, though cemented by the most sacred form of wedlock. Your generosity and our innocence will not permit you to punish us with your hatred. Indeed, the uprightness of our intentions must lessen the misfortune, though it cannot totally remove it. The only punishment I can inflict upon myself is to fly; I leave you then, my dear Count; while during life, the remembrance of the unhappy cause will cover me with shame and confusion. Would to God that my absence, and the disquietude of mind I feel, might atone for and heal the wound I have given your peace. Remove from your presence the child that brings you this, that you may not have before your eyes the melancholy witness of your misfortunes. If it is possible think on me with pity; be assured you shall not see me any more!"

As soon as Count G—— had read this letter, he went immediately in search of his friend; but he was gone, and nobody knew whither. This awakened all my grief;
my

my whole frame was in a tumult. I had found my first husband again, and I knew I could not possess them both: but what passion is less ruled by reason than love? It was to me a most dreadful alternative which to chuse, since I of right belonged as well to the last as the first; while it was equally terrible to abandon either, though I was convinced of the indispensable necessity thereof. In the mean time Sir R—— was not to be found, and the Count was determined not to rest till he saw his friend. During this interval I informed him that I had voluntarily chosen Sir R—— for my husband, as I knew no other way to recompence his faithful friendship to me, in my misfortunes, but by my love. “I am fully convinced, replied he, of the uprightness of your heart; neither of you have offended me, neither have been to blame. It is a kind of destiny into which we cannot penetrate.”

In a few hours we had the pleasure to see Sir R—— return, one of our servants having been fortunate enough to find him, just as he was going on board an outward-bound vessel. He thanked the Count in the tenderest

dereft manner, for this instance of his regard, and which had caused him to come back. “ But I come only (faid he) to take my laft farewel of you and your amiable confort. This fatisfaction you muft grant me, as it will be the laft I fhall ask.” Then taking me by the hand he led me to the Count, faying in a folemn manner, “ Here, my lord, deliver I up to you my wife, and with her my love, which from this moment is changed into the moft profound refpect.” Here he would have withdrawn, but the Count prevented him. “ No (faid he) you muft not go, you muft remain with us; and be yourfelf a witnefs that I faithfully fulfil your defire, of being once more the happy husband of my beloved Countefs, who is as dear to me as at our firft marriage: her heart is noble, and has neither changed or leffened its fidelity towards me; for ſhe knew not of my being alive. Yes, my dear friend, you muft remain with us. Poffibly you would abſent yourfelf through a delicacy of ſentiment, as thinking perhaps your preſence might make me jealous. But that would be to injure the fidelity of my wife, and

the confidence that I have always placed in you. Pray, madam (continued he, turning to me) entreat Sir R—— to stay with us." I had scarce power to say, " why will you leave us, when the Count thus desires you to stay? and I certainly must never have loved you, if your departure was a matter of indifference to me. If you do not chuse to live in the house with us, at least stay at Amsterdam. It is needless to say you are still dear to me; and though duty, and a prior regard for the Count forbids me being any longer your's, yet is it not in the least inconsistent with that duty and that regard, that I should shew you every possible mark of esteem and respect."

Our entreaties prevailed, and he consented to stay at Amsterdam. He frequently came and dined with us; and his behaviour was such as might be expected from a man of the most rigid principles of honour, and whose soul was possessed of the utmost refinement of sentiment. If even I had been less virtuous than I really was, his example would have awed me into decency: he behaved as if he had never been my husband. Nay, so much was he
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on his guard, that not the least familiar word, the least glance from his eye, ever betrayed a recollection of the past; but as he behaved to me before I was married, so did he now. He daily gave me instances of his friendship and esteem, and promoted mine and the Count's happiness by the sacrifice of his own. He was often with me whole days alone, and I believe, if he then had ventured to talk of past enjoyments, I should have been imprudent enough to have listened to him. And indeed I know not but that my eyes have sometimes betrayed a too tender sensibility towards him, notwithstanding my love to the Count, and the scrupulous behaviour I always endeavoured to maintain when I was with him.

The Count was a good deal surprized to see Caroline, and seemed not much to relish her being in the house with us. But I begged he would not deprive me of her agreeable company. Do you not, said I, confide in my virtue? and shall I not trust your's?—The relation of the unhappy fate of both his children he had by Caroline, affected him prodigiously; insomuch that for a long time afterwards he would spend

whole hours in the deepest melancholy: at the same time he behaved with great kindness to Caroline, and would sometimes indulge a vein of pleasantry with us both; yet always with such circumspection as neither to reflect on her, or give offence to me.

The relation of what farther happened in our affairs, I shall for a while postpone; and now briefly relate the sufferings of my dear Count during his long absence. The Russians had possessed themselves of the village where my husband was confined, and who then lay so dangerously ill, that when the Swedes were compelled to retire, they left him behind as dead. But recovering afterwards he was sent prisoner to Moscow as a Swedish officer; and for fear of being the sooner delivered up to the Swedes, he concealed his name, and passed for a captain.

Finding myself too deeply interested in, and too sensibly affected at the Count's sufferings, to be able to draw up a full and particular account of the many hardships he endured while in Russia, I, to avoid this painful task, lay before the reader two letters

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I received after his arrival, which he wrote to me during his imprisonment: the one addressed to the care of a clergyman of his acquaintance in Livonia, but who could gain no intelligence of my abode; the other brought me by a Jew, of whom mention will be made in the narrative. These letters, as they contain the greatest part of what happened to him in Moscovy and in Siberia, I here lay before the reader without the least alteration. For as a relation wrote from the feelings of the heart must make a much more sensible impression on the reader, than a bare recital of melancholy facts delivered by a second person; so we naturally take more notice of the circumstances of an adventure, when related by the adventurer himself. Besides which, these letters serve to shew the noble character of the Count, and his attachment to me, in a still stronger point of view. Alas! how great has his love not been! While I, unworthy woman, at the very time he thus doated on my idea, and felt upon my account every thing that could augment his misery, enjoyed every bliss in the arms of another husband. What tears has this re-

fection not cost me! and how often has my innocent love for Sir R—— made me blush!

The first letter was written from the city of Moscow, and is as follows:

“**Y**OUR unfortunate husband yet lives. Would to God you already knew it, or at least that this letter may soon inform you of it. Three days before my intended execution, the Russians making a sudden attack on the village where I lay sick and confined a prisoner, were the means of saving my life. This, my beloved, is certainly the fruit of your prayers and my innocence. I was so exceeding ill that I knew not for several days after the engagement where I was, or in whose hands I was a prisoner. Recovering myself at last, and seeing that the Swedes were dislodged, and finding myself in the hands of the Russians, I thought of securing my own person, by telling them I was a captain, and that my name was Loewnhoeck. Among all the prisoners with whom I have been dragged from place to place, and at last to
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the city of Moscow, are but two officers that know me. They are both Englishmen, and have proved the faithfulest friends and best companions that I could have wished for in my misfortunes. One of them, whose name is Steeley, has a few days ago obtained leave to speak to some of his countrymen who trade here; and by their means has procured for me an opportunity to send a letter to you into Livonia. Would that it were already in your hands! and that I could kiss away one of those tears, which your joy of knowing that I am yet alive will force from your lovely eyes! Whither have you removed since my last melancholy letter? Has the vengeance of the detested prince pursued you?—has my friend R— accompanied you in your flight? and whither have you fled? poor unfortunate woman! But let it be my consolation, that all I have and may yet suffer, I can ascribe to your virtue and your affection for me. Nought but this consideration enables me to support life, under the present heavy pressure I feel, and renders bearable the shocking thought of the shameful death the prince had designed me!—By all our

past enjoyments, by all our rapturous moments of bliss, let me beg of you to bear with patience my tedious absence; and indulge the pleasing hope that we shall meet again.—But, O God! when.—Ah, how know I but that you have already fallen a victim to my misfortunes!—Dreadful thought—it chills my very blood while I write.—But no, it cannot, must not be.—I will indulge the flattering hope, my only wish in this world, you still live!—My heart tells me, it assures me I shall yet enjoy the ecstatic pleasure of embracing you once more before I die. Each morn, each noon, each night, I beseech the Almighty to grant me this blessing; and even at this present moment of writing I humbly implore the same. Can God have spared my life for a greater enjoyment, than to permit me to spend some of the remaining part of it with you, though but for a few days only. Represent to yourself the pleasing transports of our meeting. How long shall we not gaze at each other with ecstatic rapture, ere we have power to speak—and where find language when we do speak, to express the inward feelings of our souls?

“ How

“ How would it alleviate my present misery, could I but hear from you and my friend R——? Would your circumstances permit you to make me a remittance, it might perhaps facilitate my return. I have been deprived of every thing since my arrest, and experienced every difficulty that can happen to a prisoner, on a march of above five hundred miles. Even the sorry provisions, which some hundreds of common soldiers, my fellow-prisoners, complained of, have I been forced to partake of all the way. While the animosity that reigns among the Russians against the Swedish nation, has made our imprisonment among them most intolerable: for their carelessness of us, and their insensibility to our complaints, they term a just return for the barbarous behaviour which our king, they say, shewed to the Russian prisoners. To add to our distress, after we had passed the frontiers of Poland, we were in want of fresh water; being often necessitated to go a round-about way through dry and sandy deserts, to avoid the marshy grounds.

“ My whole stock since I have been a prisoner, has consisted in twenty dollars;
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and those I gained by the gratitude of a common soldier who died of his wounds, about a month before we reached the city of Moscow, in the midst of a night which sad necessity obliged us to pass in the open fields. He had done me much service in our march; I therefore thought myself bound in duty to be as assisting to him as I could, in these his dying moments; which I did by continuing by him all night, and assisting him in prayer. He had stitched up in his waistcoat a gold piece worth twenty dollars, which a sweet-heart of his had given him when he left Stockholm. This he took out and gave me, begging, that if ever I should return to Stockholm, I would acquaint her of his death, and be a friend to her. I send you the paper in which the money was wrapped up, and on which was written her name. If it is possible let her know of his death; and for the twenty dollars (which have done me and my faithful friend Steeley infinite service) let her have a hundred. As I laid me down by my deceased countryman, who grasped my hand in his till he died, I fell asleep; and dreamed I stood by a river, on the opposite side of
which

which methought were you coming towards me; and how astonished, how rejoiced you appeared to be, to find that I was yet alive. When I awaked I found myself stretched on the body of my deceased countryman, and before I got up, I thanked heaven for this happy dream, which I looked on as an auspicious omen.

“ My care of the deceased gained me the good will of six other common soldiers, who were near him in his last moments. They were so pleased, I had prepared their comrade so well for death, that they begged I would administer the like office to them, if perchance they should likewise die on the march; and from this day they strove to do me every little act of kindness in their power. A striking instance of which was, they would frequently keep themselves short of fresh water, that they might have some to offer to me and Steeley, whenever we should be greatly in want of it. Soon after this I was taken very ill, so that I was utterly incapable of bearing the heavy fatigue of marching. But rather than my six countrymen would leave me behind, they contrived to carry me for several days
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in a kind of litter, which they made of cords and rushes; chearfully taking upon themselves all this trouble, which perhaps neither fear or reward would otherwise have induced them to. This led me to make the reflection, on the vast difference there is between being served from the motive of obedience, or of dependence only, and that arising from the sense of friendship and compassion. Their zeal to serve me encreased with my danger; and these people, who never before had been very ready either to contrive or oblige, became at once careful and inventive to find out means to renew a life they wished to preserve. This has been the only illness with which I have been afflicted on my way to Russia.

“ About six weeks ago we arrived at the city of Moscow; where we were the first Swedish prisoners since the commencement of the war, who were exposed to the revengeful eyes of the wild inhabitants. There were between three and four hundred of us, who were thus exhibited for near half a day, as a public spectacle to an incensed mob; who probably would have torn us in pieces, had they not been deterred.

deterred by fear of the guards that surrounded us. After we had thus been exposed for a considerable while, and received every insult of language that an incensed rabble could utter (somewhat of which we understood by their gestures) comes up an old woman from the crowd to a Russian who came with us; and asked him what was become of his comrade her son? The fellow, who in the tumult and confusion did not perhaps know after whom she enquired, answered, the Swedes had killed him. At that moment she flew at me (being near her) and with a frightful scream cried out, what, hast thou killed my son? and instantly felled me to the ground; which indeed required no great degree of strength to do, being so weak after my illness I could scarce stand upon my legs; and I verily believe I should have fallen a sacrifice to the rage of this old hag, had not one of the guards rescued me from her fury. Imagine to yourself, my beloved, what must be my feelings of heart on the reflection, that in this very city, where my father had the honor to be the king's ambassador, was I his son beheld in no better light than that of

of a poor contemptible Swede; and perhaps on the very spot where my father made his public entry, was I exposed to the merciless rage of an old woman. Just heaven! what has been my offence to deserve this hard fate. To be severed such a distance from my love—all that my soul holds dear—immured between empty walls, in a receptacle where, except the company of Steeley, I am debarred from every thing that can make life comfortable; and no enjoyment know, save that of conversing of my love, and mourning with my Steeley over our sad and heavy destiny.

As I have mentioned to you before (by the help of a little bribe to our keeper out of our twenty dollars) Steeley gained permission to speak to some merchants from London, who have advanced him a hundred dollars, and promised to do every thing in their power to serve him. By means of this money, we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to procure now and then some little indulgence from our keeper; for, though the heart of a Russian is not by nature soft and compassionate, yet by dint of money it may be rendered flexible.

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When Steeley returned, he brought with him a bottle of wine and some biscuits; which, as he took out of his pocket, I suppose, said he, you think I have been drinking wine with my countrymen. No, my dear Count, so great was the satisfaction I had promised myself in drinking the first glass with you, no intreaties could have prevailed on me to have denied myself this pleasure; I have not tasted a drop. But come, I can now stay no longer. Let us for a few moments forget our misfortunes, and bury care in a glass of generous wine: let us for a moment think that real, which we wish to be so. We then drank a glass—and oh heavens, what a luxury it was to our taste! it quite invigorated our depressed spirits, and animated our whole frame. We returned thanks to the Almighty for giving this liquor the virtue to revive thus our hearts, and praised him in silence for a pleasure we had not enjoyed before for above a twelvemonth. We spent the whole afternoon over our bottle, and strove not to think on our misfortunes: but alas! this was impossible. It seemed as if we meant to heighten our enjoyment,

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by touching on the mournful retrospect. We therefore began the recital of our woes, as if we never before had related them to each other. But amidst our complaints we comforted ourselves with this truth, that a wise and good God governed the universe; who no doubt had permitted these afflictions to fall on us for good; and that the only way to lessen our misery was chearfully to submit to his divine will, and patiently wait the event either of a mitigation of our sufferings, or a total release from them by death.

“ We then gave each other our hands, and with a firm resolution promised to bear every thing that might happen to us with a becoming resignation. “ But, added Steeley, looking on my hand as he grasped it in his, may we not wish to offer these hands once more to those whom we love in our native countries; and if we are denied this blessing, can we behave with indifference under it?” “ If God should deny us this, said I, and could say no more. My understanding became darkened, and I could see no more room for patience; but reason sufficient to complain of my hard fate, and
to

to regret your loss. We stood silent for some minutes, and blushed at having broke through the resolution we had solately made. "God's will be done, cried my friend, at last (in a tone that bespoke the greatest perturbation) God's will be done! my impatience shall no more importune him to regulate his providence according to my wishes. No, let my wishes be regulated by his will! Yet, is it a crime to have a desire to leave this savage land, and see once more our native country? Shall we spend the residue of our days in this miserable state, and have no hope but in death?" Such was our resignation, and such were at times the arguments we made use of. In short, the more we endeavoured to make use of reason, the less influence she seemed to have over us.

"By reflecting on the wisdom of the Almighty, and the unalterable decree of Fate, we perceive with greater clearness the impossibility of directing our own destiny, than when we give way to our own feelings; and thereby must be led to see the duty and necessity of humble submission to the divine will: nevertheless, though we

know this great truth, we will not give up the plan of our idle wishes, but indulge the pleasing hope of seeing them gratified, though we cannot command the circumstances necessary thereto. From this painful discovery of our own weakness, our heart, as it were, revenges itself by impatience; which throws a cloud over our understandings, and bewilders our judgment.

“ Though we have not yet been forced to labour like the common prisoners, yet are we not indulged the least liberty to go out; and my first employment since my confinement has been this letter. The want of exercise and something to pass away our time, makes our prison still more loathsome, as we have nothing to divert our attention from our wretched condition; though we have gained one advantage from Steeley’s purchased permission to speak now and then to his countrymen, which is that of having procured pen, ink, and paper; and which has made us ample amends for bribing our keeper; since all our money would not, I dare say, have availed us to have been allowed these conveniencies.

“Steeley likewise has an uncle a prisoner here, who has the misfortune to be lodged in another part of the town, which is a hardship to us as well as to him; and miserable as our condition is, yet his must still be greater, as he has no money in his hands. Steeley intreats to be remembered to you with the highest friendship and respect. Had I not been blessed with this friend, what a loathsome place would my prison have been to me! Yet, as in the richest soil there will sometimes spring up weeds, so from an uncommon freedom and openness in Steeley’s disposition, arise certain little foibles or weaknesses; but for which also I am much indebted to him, they having often amused and diverted me, and served, as it were, to rouse us from our melancholy stupidity. He is prodigiously national, and often declaims on the valour, heroism, &c. &c. of his countrymen, at the expence frequently of other nations. Yet this partiality, and a fondness for disputing, joined with a natural lively impetuosity of temper, make him to me both entertaining and valuable. For his love of

argument proceeds not from a contradicting spirit, but takes its rise from amiable qualities;—such as a great vivacity—an indulged freedom of thought—a rigid sincerity—an utter contempt of every thing servile—and a quick and lively sensibility: while at the same time he never defends his arguments with acrimony. So that his contradiction soon loses its offensive nature, and often serves as a spring to agreeable conversation and little lively disputations, which in some measure lessen the dreariness of our present situation. In short, it seems as if nature had designed us to be the friends of each other; his foibles serving to counterbalance mine, and make his own good qualities shine more conspicuously. He is also handsome in his person, and in his countenance you may read the honesty of his heart; add to this he is young. A disappointment in love was the cause of his leaving his native country, and entering, against his inclination, into the Swedish service. But I will briefly give you his history, which must merit your compassion.

“ When

“ When he and his uncle Sidney left the University of Oxford, he went to his father’s country seat a few miles distant from London, in order to pursue his studies with the greater ease. Here he became acquainted with an amiable young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring country gentleman, and for the first time experienced the force of love.

“ After two years soliciting her hand, a thousand little difficulties conquered, and a thousand tender instances of their attachment to each other, he obtained at last his father’s and her parents consent to their union; and the day was fixed on for their nuptials, the ceremony of which was to be performed at his father’s seat. On the preceding day, he and his father set out to fetch the bride and those who were to accompany her. They arrived at her father’s about noon, and after dinner prepared to depart. While the carriages were getting ready, Steeley and Antonia went into the garden; where seating themselves in an arbour, they began to enter into a tender conversation; when all of a sudden she

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begged him to leave her for a few moments, and, when every thing was ready, to come for her. Accordingly he went to see after the carriages, which being ready, he instantly returned to inform her of it. I am ready also, said she, giving him her hand, to follow you; adding, "I know not what ails me, but I have an unusual pressure on my spirits. Is it not enough that I am hastening to the summit of happiness, in going to be joined to the man of my choice? Yes! I am wholly your's." He handed her into the coach, and seating himself by her they drove off, the rest of the company following in two other coaches.

"Love, innocent and happy love, was the subject of their discourse: its commencement, its progress in their hearts, and all that they had suffered for each other were freely expatiated on.

"While thus they journeyed on, fondly entertaining each other, and but a few miles distant from his father's seat, a tempestuous storm arose, attended with heavy thunder and lightning; while black clouds darkened

darkened the face of the sky all around them, one clap following another with tremendous sound; and presently one of the horses was struck dead. At which Antonia, giving a shriek, without knowing what she did, threw open the coach door and jumped out; then pulling Steeley by the hand, begged he would follow her to the next village. As he was getting out, a clap of thunder burst with such violence over his head, that he fell backwards into the coach again. He soon however recovered himself; when—what a sight presented to his view!—his beloved Antonia fallen a victim to the lightning's furious blaze! standing, in the very same posture as when she held him her helping hand, breathless and dead! What horror could be greater than his! Indeed, what greater misfortune could have befallen my poor friend! great indeed was his distress.

“ About six months afterwards his father proposed to him to go abroad, in order to establish his health, and divert that melancholy which still hung on him. He accordingly

cordingly sent him in the retinue of the English ambassador to Stockholm, having prevailed with his uncle Sidney to accompany him. But change of place worked no change in him; it dispelled not the gloom of his soul; and from a thorough contempt of life, he in that very city entered into the army, without the knowledge of the ambassador, persuading his uncle to do the same. He has however since his misfortunes wrote to this ambassador, acquainting him with his imprisonment; and has recommended me also to his interest, under the name of captain Loewenhoeck, as his particular friend and fellow-sufferer. Who knows, my beloved, what this letter may produce! perhaps it may effect my release.

“ Address your letter, according to the inclosed, to the ambassador’s secretary, who is Steeley’s firm friend. Here I must abruptly leave off, having no more paper; and how know I whether ever this may reach your hand. Ah! yes it must, it will reach you.—I will indulge the hope, and comfort myself with the pleasing idea that I shall receive an answer.”

My

My husband informed me that he wrote me three letters in all; two from Moscow, and one from Siberia. The first from Moscow I never received; the above was written near a twelvemonth after, and at a time when his imprisonment was most tolerable; Steeley having by means of his countrymen been enabled (by the aid of a little money) to procure the favor of the keeper of the prison; and had even prevailed on him so far, as to cause his uncle Sidney to be removed to the same prison with him and my husband. The addition of which unfortunate gentleman (of whom in the following letter is contained a melancholy narrative) to their company, served as some alleviation of their misfortunes. My husband dwelt much on the praise of this Sidney, who, from the character he drew of him, must have been a most worthy good man: possessing from nature the utmost sensibility and softness of manners, he was rather melancholy in his disposition; and as he had entered into the army, from no other motive but pure regard to his nephew, so from his natural

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sensibility he felt more forcibly the hardships of imprisonment than the other two. Yet, sensibly as he felt for himself, whenever Steeley and my husband's courage failed them, he forgot his own situation, and became their comforter, philosopher, and friend.

END OF VOL. I.



